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For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN INVITATION.

"And webs of gossamer with dew-drops bright,
Are waving gaily in the morning beam."

The zephyrs of morning, tell wondrous tales
Of the dewy woods and the verdant dales—
In the bien b of dawn and its youthful light,
Ten thousand banners are glancing bright,
Each tall, green rush for a flag-pole stands,
And the pennons are woven by fairy hands;
They wav'd o'er those tiny ranks last night,
But were left in haste at their morning flight—
Come forth ere the sun, with his fervid beam
Shall have swept from their folds each diamond gleam;
Perchance we may trace, o'er the dewy plain,
Some print of their footsteps—or couch where they've lain;
But if we should fail in our high emprise,
Thou shalt steal the bright hue from the morning skies,
And its rosy tints shall play ever thy cheek;
While the sun-beam of health in thine eye shall speak—
Come, while the flowers are waking from sleep,
O'er forests and valleys and hills dee steep,
Come ere the morn shall have faded away,
In the dazzling light of the new-born day—
Thro' forest shades see the wild deer bounding,
And heaven's blue arch with songs as resounding,
Then mingle thy voice with that choral strain,
Till the echoes shall waken to answer again.

ROSALIE.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ALLOYS GANOWAY.

In the bland and delicious climate of the middle region of North Carolina, where the seasons melt into each other like the lights and shades of a fine painting, the Rev. David Nesbitt was admiring the varied tints of an Autumn evening, as his horse bore him leisurely towards the village of Ashgrove. The setting sun shot his oblique rays upon the distant hills, and glittered upon the steeple of the only church in Ashgrove, seen at the far distance. As the gaze of Mr. Nesbitt was placidly ranging over the inviting landscape, by a wood path emerged an aged footman who entered the main road before him and pursued the same direction. A stranger in the country around him, Mr. Nesbitt spurred his horse into a trot, in order to overtake his fellow traveler, who hearing the clattering hoofs behind him, turned round and the two faces encountered each other with an expression of "have I not seen that countenance before?" The flash of recognition was faint, and passed away, like one of the departing beams of the evening sun.

Though advanced far beyond the life-limit of seventy years, the footman was hale of limb, and from his flaxen hair and beard, beamed a countenance, the fire of which, time had only softened. Many years less advanced, the snows of age had fallen also on the head of David Nesbitt. Deep care and deeper resignation mingled in the furrows of his strongly marked face.

"Friend, how far to Ashgrove?"

"Farther than you can conveniently travel to night," replied the footman, pointing with his staff to the distant steeple on which the last smile of even was playing, "though we can see Parson Jamieson's meeting house in Ashgrove; it is above five miles distant."

"There may be a tavern nearer?" rejoined Mr. Nesbit inquiringly, as at once regarding the face of his companion and drawing forth his watch in order to compare its mark of time with the setting sun, and in doing so a letter fell from his waistcoat pocket on the road.

"There is no tavern nearer," replied the footman, as he picked up the fallen letter and handed it to the owner, but as Mr. Nesbitt with a bow of thanks reached his hand for the letter, the direction "to the Rev. David Nesbitt," caught the eye of the aged footman, who for a moment involuntarily retained it with evident surprise. Mr. Nesbitt noticed the act, but attributed it to mere curiosity, put up the letter and his watch, repeating:

"There is no tavern nearer than Ashgrove you say?"

"Not any necessary," replied the footman, in rather an abstracted tone as if some powerful thought had fallen on his mind, and remaining for some distance silent, seemed as if awaking from reverie, and looking earnestly into the rather astonished face before him, rejoined:

"Your name is *David Nesbitt, and you are a clergyman?*" "In both cases you are correct," replied Mr. Nesbitt, with a smile, knowing that all this information, and his residence besides, were recorded on the back of the letter in his hand.

The footman was again silent, but as they rose to the apex of a hill, the now dim twilight only permitted the view of a farm on their right, towards which a bye road wound from a gate across a wooded pasture field. As the old footman opened the gate, he observed:

"Ride in Mr. Nesbitt, this is my gate and my farm, to which the decent stranger is always welcome; but more and sweetly welcome are the ministers of God."

There was a something in the voice and manner of the patriarch which struck, even awed Mr. Nesbitt, who felt the responsibility due to the name under which he was thus welcomed by a stranger. He felt so much indeed as to be prevented from breathing his acknowledgements, and in silence followed his aged silent guide.

Night closed in as Mr. Nesbitt found himself seated in a clean but old fashioned room. Every thing in it, even to the ample fire place, bespoke times of a former generation. The aspect of the whole was that of the primitive settlers on the Anglo-American frontiers, but of settlers of some wealth, and not that of the mere hunter, though two rifles hanging on brackets, told that even here hunting had aided to break the native woods. The family domestics seemed busy closing the labors of the day, and the voice of the old man, loudly but mildly heard, giving directions and very particular directions, that the stranger's horse should be made comfortable. Hardly visible in the dim light sat a silent figure—that of a woman, from whom Mr. Nesbitt could not procure a reply to one or two common place remarks, and he relapsed into silence, pondering on his new situation.

A few minutes relieved the traveller from something of embarrassment as a lovely young woman entered with candles, followed by the old host, who smilingly but very respectfully advanced,—observing:

"Mr. Nesbitt you must excuse us, we farmers, have many to provide for, besides ourselves and the welcome stranger."

Of all men living, perhaps not one other would have granted an excuse in such a case more heartily than David Nesbitt, who truly felt "*for all living,*" and preposessed, as he was already, in favor of his entertainer, many chords more were moved as the economy of the house was developed. But with the light, an object of overpowering interest presented itself. A woman of extreme age,—hair flowing in abundance down her shoulders, but white as snow: not more white, nevertheless than her skin, furrowed by multiplied years. Her sunken eyes seemed not extinct but turned inward as if looking away from a world of sorrow and pain. Never did I beheld even in death itself," said Mr. Nesbitt afterwards, "so overpowering a picture of mortality." ——"My mother" said the old man, as he pressed the marble forehead and turning to the truly astonished Mr. Nesbitt, "*my mother,* now passed her one hundredth year. Her soul seems in Heaven whilst her body lingers on earth," and then, as if recollecting himself, turned to the young woman who had brought in the lights, observed in a very affectionate tone. "Mary, love, supper."

The next morning was that of Sabbath, and Mr. Nesbitt had an appointment to preach that day in the Meeting House of the Rev. Silas Jamieson. This arrangement was made known by Mr. Nesbitt to his host the evening before, and both were up before the sun, whilst the active Mary was preparing an early breakfast.

"Calmly, I hope has been your rest," said the old farmer as he met Mr. Nesbitt:

"Calm and sweet under your roof have been my slumbers," replied the minister.

"While my child Mary is preparing our breakfast," continued the old man "suppose we ascend yon hill, and breathe the morning air."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Nesbitt, and they passed an orchard gate, and traversing the orchard, entered the same wooded enclosure by which they entered the evening before, but wound along a rising hill, catching glimpses of a mass of rocks frowning on the hill top. As they rose Mr. Nesbitt observed, "what a change."

"What a change," responded his companion. "The world is changed, and well it is changed."

As the last remark fell from the old man's lips, their now rugged pathway led to an immense natural chasm amongst the piled ruins of a former mountain, and here, surrounded by massive fragments, stood a small wooden enclosure of palin painted black, and within it a grave, at the head of which stood a stone once also painted black, but now gray and mossy, bearing no inscription, not a letter or emblematic mark.

Both had been for some time silent, and the deathlike solemnity of the scene and the manner of his companion, impressed on the mind of Mr. Nesbitt, that some fearful mystery was to be revealed, and thus they reached the sublime abode of the departed. The dark branches of the pine hung heavy, and sadly rocked the sighing breeze over their heads, as the two leaning beings loosed upon the somber and fragile fence.

"Dust that we are," at length exclaimed the old man, "in thine hand, Oh! God, we are as dust indeed," and turning his gaze upon the wondering Nesbitt, demanded with great energy, "Mr. David Nesbitt do, you remember ever being accustomed with a family of the name of Ganoway?"

"An icy bolt struck my heart at the question," said Mr. Nesbitt, when relating the circumstance. "An undefined crowd of painful recollections followed each other in my mind, as I leaned on the railing with the eye of the old man steadfastly fixed on me as awaiting my reply. At length a dreadful thought rose, and I answered," one of that name I did slightly know."

"And on a most trying occasion," responded the old man as the tears fell from his deeply sunken eyes, "my name is Ganoway, the man you" —— Here he checked himself, but soon resumed and concluded by observing.—"The man with whom you were truly acquainted with, was my brother and sleeps there," pointing to the grave.

"Can all this be real?" ejaculated Mr. Nesbitt, "am I awake, or do I dream?"

"Later in dinner from which we must all awake," replied old Ganoway. "The past, the present, the terrible circumstances under which you met my brother, and the manner and time of being led to his grave, are, when all combined certainly enough to shake the firmest. But come, you touch of Time," pointing to the rising sun "awaits us not," and the visitors left the mountain cemetry, with slow steps, and often averted gaze, as Ganoway records:

"Mr. Nesbitt you are to-day to officiate for Mr. Jamieson:—you will go to Ashgrove with me in my carriage, and return with me, much have I to say to thee, and not soon can we part."

In the decline of day, seated on projecting rocks around the mountain graves, sat the Rev. David Nesbitt Thomas Jamieson, his brother by profession, and Richard Ganoway. Shut from the world, and with nature itself attentive, the old farmer commenced the tale of "The Condemned," prefacing to Mr. *Jamieson*, that the name of the clergyman in his narrative was to be fictitious, though the incidents had been real.

Milton Ganoway was a physician of some eminence of Boston, in England, was married and had three children, two sons and a daughter. Of the sons I was the oldest, he who reposes in that grave was the other, and our sister, of her I need only say she was all that parents or brother could desire. Our father was a member of a family of some claim to nobility, but of still greater pretensions, all of whom except my father took the monarchial side in politics. He and his relations had one trait in common, tenacity of opinion, and as my father took the colonial side in the disputes which ended in forming these states into a nation, himself and family were from bad to worse, at the passage of the all-eventful Stamp Act, involved in not only open but embittered enmity. This family quarrel, and his own peculiar opinions, induced my father to remove with his family to America in 1767. I, the eldest, was then in my twentieth year, my brother two years younger and my sister, a flower of sixteen.

With some property, our parents settled in —— county, of the then colony of Virginia. If our removal had been made to escape political violence, our new residence would have been truly unfortunate, since, if the fire burned in England, it raged in America, and was a volcano in Virginia. The fervent Patrick Henry, and a crowd of others of like opinion, kept the flame active. The royal officers with the governor at their head, if they hated the native patriots, they detested and pursued with unbating rage any Englishman who espoused the colonial cause. Exasperated on this side, by such rancor, such Englishmen as did oppose the royal cause, acted and spoke with tenfold more zeal if possible, than did the real Americans. From his profession, education and natural impetuosity of temperament, Dr. Ganoway was soon conspicuous, and the vexations of governmental agents kept up the contest.

To speak in the first person, my father's lessons, before a thought of leaving Europe had perhaps entered his mind, had made me a republican, but as in religion with the same principles, temper gives the external character to the politician with as rooted aversion to lawless exertions of power, and with as ardent wishes for the success of man struggling against oppression, as could have been breathed by either my father or brother, yet from infancy I shrunk from contention. Alloys Ganoway, on the contrary, with far less of impetuosity, outwent even his father in steadiness of purpose. Whatever lesson my brother received he retained, and coming to America when seventeen, his political impressions were those of a native. In the active business of life, had not the revolution occurred, our respective feelings would have been expended in obscurity or subsided, but such was not our lot. During the eight years intervening between our removal to Virginia, and the terrible 1775, Dr. Ganoway had became conspicuous in his county as an active partizan and shared the preferences and animosities of the times. His sons, now also members of the moral community, were borne along in the torrent with their father. One, myself, rather passive, but the other, bold, resolute and yet sedate, had grasped the sword in mind, years before it became necessary to do so in fact.

Many years before our arrival in Virginia, another English family had came over and we were established in their vicinity. The father and mother were dead, but on our arrival Zerah and Catharine Haymond were the representatives of a very aristocratic stock. The brother had much of the *English* gentleman in his manner and mind, but stern, reserved and reclusive. Though no tangible complaint could have been made against his conduct towards his nearest relative. That relative was the sister with all the finest attributes of that relation. Her highest pride was founded on the noble person, and really great intellectual powers of her brother. Of the same country and political creed, for Zerah Haymond also adopted the colonial cause, our family and his were intimate and friendly from their first residence in the same neighbourhood, and if peace could have maintained her reign over the land, the Haymond and Ganoway families might have intermingled and in kindred affection been perpetuated in the country chosen by their ancestors, but the storm of war rose and tore away many of the tender chords of society. There is not seldom an enmity between individuals, engaged in the same cause, to which the enmity between the members of different nations engaged in war, is as the spark to the devouring flames. But to quit philosophy for fact.

Let us return backwards in time. Our respective sisters were nearly of the same age and not very dissonant in their natural dispositions. In all the common attributes of beauty they were both sufficiently attractive to become belles in a country place, and both were sufficiently accomplished to pass in the best society of cities. A double union seemed as natural as the commingling of two streams which flow towards the same point. Not to break the thread of a tragic story, I may be permitted to say a few words concerning myself. A being whose spirit has been fifty-three years singing anthems with kindred angels had engaged my all of affection—she drooped—withered and was laid at rest and left me to mourn and be consoled by a mother and sister.

Alloys Ganoway and Catharine Haymond, shared the idle gossip of the neighbouring country with Zerah Haymond and Emma Ganoway. Some fools, for such reasoners deserve no better title, say women have no business with politics. As well might they say "women have no business to feel cold in winter or heat in summer." In truth, as women love in every relation more intensely than do men, so are their political feelings more intense—and so was it fearfully proven in our peculiar case, and proven most distinctly by one from whom such proof was least expected—my sister Emma.

Amongst the great mistakes as regarded the American revolution, the greatest was the supposed unprepared state of the colonial population. The direct returns, in the most important of all preparation, public opinion, was the reality. To what resistance to ministerial encroachment would lead, few gave themselves the trouble to reflect, none could distinctly foresee, but an immense majority were determined to resist and leave consequences to take care of themselves. From the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, if not sooner, the spirit of armed opposition was awakened, and all elections and especially military elections turned on this one primary question. Again, greatly more was done than met the common eye. Some superior minds of which that of Patrick Henry was one, glanced beyond the moment, anticipated the revolution, and darting rays of intelligence still deeper into the recesses of futurity, anticipated separation and national grandeur.

If I were now relating a tale of love, heavenly, chaste and pure, of hapless love, ruined hopes and hearts broken, rich would be my subject, but in mercy to myself I cannot tear open the wounds of half a century.

Dr. Ganoway was chosen a member of the General Assembly of Virginia, and threw all the energy of his character into the scale of the party opposed to royal encroachments. But he soon found that of all the British nations, the English had the most difficult part to act, when placed in any situation opposed to the mother country. The native American, the Irishman, or even the Scotchman, were permitted to reason, but the slightest attempt of an Englishmen to calculate or compare, was set down to disaffection. Irritated as he had been on political grounds by his own family, and by the reflexion, well or ill-grounded, that himself and family were exiled from politics injustice, Dr. Ganoway needed the rein rather than the spur. But clouds were gathering which the utmost human power could neither dispel, or avert their elective effects. Clouds, before whose sweep, human prudence was as the trembling leaf before the tempest.

Let alone to conduct our private affairs, and for a cause already explained, frozen against one of the most general and overwhelming sources of passion, my mind was left to watch the progress of events; but if one source of woe was shunned, others were wide open and ready to pour their stream of calamity over all that remained dear to me on earth. Of all our family not another embraced the colonial cause with more intensity than the gentle Emma; on that subject her fine blue eyes, at all other times so mild, would sparkle as if with supernatural fire. Our mother was the only one of us who remained neutral. She loved her family as a wife and a mother, and saw only causes of calamity in the aspect of public affairs. Fears too well realized.

To my Emma I was during a brief existence, an unlimited confidant. Our father had returned on leave of absence a few days to give away and see united, his daughter and Zerah Haymond. It was to be a double wedding, and the usual preparations were making. I cannot say I hated my intended brother-in-law, but I can say I regarded the approaching union with a sort of jealousy very different from either approbation or interest. To the connexion my brother was to form, difference. To the connexion my brother was to form, no man could object; Catharine Haymond was all that a husband or a brother could desire.

Our father was expected on the next day, and on that day was to be an election for colonel, two majors, and other officers of a volunteer regiment. To fill the office of colonel there were three candidates, one a native gentleman of Virginia, and by a singular fatality, Alleys Ganoway, and Zerah Haymond were the other two. This was Monday, and the double wedding was to be on the ensuing Thursday. For several days past I had noticed with increasing anxiety a restless impatience of place in Emma, which was far from decreasing in the presence of her intended husband. To one who knew her less, and felt for her less, this change would have been attributed to a natural flow of spirits on the approach of a day so generally expected with hope and joy; but a fear of another kind mingled with my apprehensions. Evident marks of passion, ill suppressed, had appeared between the two bridegrooms so angrily asserted. Constraint of manner which could not be attributed to mere virgin modesty appeared also in the conduct of Emma towards her intended husband. On all sides prevailed a painful artificial wasn of cordiality, as utmost with the occasion on one hand but the true expression of human nature on the other. In the bustle, several days had passed, during which I had carefully watched but had no particular conversation with my sister.—This I could no longer endure, and on the Sabbath afternoon, with as much of carelessness as I could assume, I seized Emma by the arm and proposed a walk. Our pathway led across a fine meadow, and the flowers, distant landscapes, and the other every day objects afforded subjects for an affected gaiety until beyond the reach of the ears of others. I plucked a twig off several species of bushes, intermingled them with the wild meadow flowers, and playfully handing it to my sister, observed, "Emma give a smile to this smiling group."

She took the wreath of branches and flowers from my hand, breathed its fragrance, and looking earnestly into my face replied, "serves me fair, but how indeed," and she pointed to some of the leaves already drooping, and I saw the coming tear, and trembling hands.

"Emma why are you thus at such a time—why do I see you sad and thoughtful?" Her reply was a violent gush of tears, as I seated her at the root of a beach, beneath whose shade other had both her brothers sat and heard her silver voice, and oft had her intended husband shared our rural enjoyments. The gust of feeling passed and my sister with restored composure again herself, replied to my question by repeating "why am I sad and thoughtful?"

"Yes! my Emma, anxiously have my eyes followed your footsteps, and well am I convinced that something painful"—

"Is on my mind"—interrupted the distressed girl, and with an energy of manner I had never observed before in her words or actions, continued—"If I saw you Richard and Alloys, engaged in mortal strife—If I knew either hearted fell, and not to be wiped away but in death, divided my two brothers, would I not have reason to be more than thoughtful?"

"What can be your fearful meaning Emma?"

"That blood stands between my brother, and the man"—her feelings here choked her words—her eyes were dry and restless, and the dreadful truth flashed on my mind, as I exclaimed with perhaps some bitterness, as the coming ruin opened before me.

"Three two men are too much alike."

"Thank the God of heaven and earth," fervently ejaculated the sister. "In one thing only, is my brother like"—and she again paused—"is difficult for man to behold unmoved an injured woman, but that woman a sister, my countenance bespoke a rising conflict, which Emma calmed by looking me firmly in the face while observing "Richard, must there be no one in whom I can confide?"

The appeal was effectual, and I sat down by her with my head on my hands, whilst Emma unfolded a tissue of meanness and malice, I had until then not suspected in the human heart. Dreading the superior popularity of Alloys, the man who was to be her husband essayed every art to induce the sister to use her influence to persuade her brother to withdraw from the coming contest. How far such words would have wrought on Emma, she confessed herself unable to decide, but some harsh expression of disparagement as regarded her brother, roused that perhaps most inveterate of all human feelings—family pride, which only dread of personal danger to Alloys, prevented her from expressing.

"What answer did you make to such a proposal Emma?" I demanded.

"None" she replied, "Zerah Haymond knows nothing of my resolves."

"And your resolves, my sister."

"First to be no more to Zerah Haymond than I am at the moment."

"Your brother Alloys?"

"Needs no advice from me; and if I was to give any, the advice would be"—and here she shook with and I turned earnestly and beheld the face of my sister, and with difficulty I placed her on her bed, from whence for many months the world was shut from her wandering mind.

The dreaded Monday morning ushered the return of my father, and the election, on which hung the fate of two families. Heated by political debate, the presence of my father was oil to the smothered flame, ready to burst between the two intended brothers in-law, but really inveterate rivals.

"Alloys, my son," observed my father, "as we were mounting our horses to proceed to the election ground remember the duty of an English gentleman." This now sounds as an antiquated and even inconsistent expression, but it was only the revolution which forced the native American themselves to forego a proud title. Alloys with all his firmness, my brother appeared disturbed, his manly and expressive countenance revealed the inward conflict. At all times a man of few words, in the present instance he seemed to speak with pain. An ominous presentiment of undefined evil had fallen on the minds of the whole family. With great tenderness but perfect silence on both sides, he embraced his mother, opened the doors of the sleeping room of our sister, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber. "Poor unrelice," he ejaculated, as he left his home, with his father's admonition, fresh fuel on a mind too well prepared for executing a half expressed determination.

"*And shall this quiet increase from year to year, until we are entirely crushed with the enormous load?*" was one sentence of a sermon preached to Virginians* on a different occasion, and with very little foresight on the part of the preacher of its future application. By whom performed was never publicly known, but on the present occasion, these expressive words were found in large printed characters, scattered in bills over the election ground, and contributed greatly to increase an effervescence too strong before, for public peace. Some royal officers, in place of acting prudently by either ignoring it off as a joke, or treating it with indifference, made the matter truly serious by their rash expressions and inquiries after the author or authors of "*the treason,*" as they chose to designate the quotation.

Under previous circumstances, it was probable the election would have been a warm one, but with such a firebrand thrown in, it was conducted with as earnestness little short of actual violence. Excited beyond all control, my father exerted the whole energy of his character, and very contrary to his wishes, contributed to a result but few expected. The election of Alloys Ganoway was up to the hour of opening the polls, regarded by most persons as certain, but a revulsion very natural at the moment, was seized and extended with electric rapidity against all Englishmen, and the native candidate was carried by a large majority.

To my mind the result was a subject of secret rejoicing, and no doubt it left to himself, to Alloys, it would have been one of indifference, but from very opposite principles and views; my father and Zerah Haymond fanned the fire, and excited a spirit too powerful for either to control. It was not my opinion then, but events convinced me afterwards, that the defeat of Haymond was the source of lasting calamity. Any momentary feeling of disappointed ambition, the fine placable temper of my brother would soon have conquered, but his better feelings were silenced in the tempest, and there was one consideration forced on the minds of both the unsuccessful candidates, that was the conviction, well or ill founded, that the other was the cause of his defeat. On the part of Zerah Haymond, this complained what my injured sister had foreseen, and could not but have its influence with her brother, and had a most fatal influence with her father.

We were mounting our horses to leave the ground when the successful candidate, a gentleman named, rode up, and him and my brother shook hands with real cordiality, and Alloys in full sincerity congratulated him on his elevation.

"Liar and villain," came from a voice which we all recognized as that of Haymond. My brother turned his head in utter astonishment, as did indeed every gentleman present. The eyes of the two men who were to change events in a very few brief days most irreconcilable enemies. We were all armed with pistols at our saddle bows, and safely can I say, that a man of more unshaken courage than my brother never existed, but receiving so unexpected and undeserved insult from a man he a few days before regarded as his brother, he seemed stunned as if by a violent blow—Not so our warm blooded father, the moment the words issued from Haymond, "Liar and Coward," the words issued from Haymond, "Liar and Coward," the words issued from Haymond, "Liar and Coward," was returned, and before my interference could be made, Haymond was unhorsed by a violent blow from my father's loaded whip. A scene of dreadful confusion followed, but by the exertions of friends of both parties, the enraged rivals were separated, and proceeded towards their respective homes. * * *

Your own hearts will save me a recital which even now I shrink from. Blasted hopes, ruined happiness, mortal wounds which even time could not heal, were amongst the least of our misfortunes, or what we were made to endure. Is it not a law of nature, that no human being can perpetrate acts of guilt, without suffering a share of punishment on the innocent? You both start revolted at such a conclusion on human action, but why? Let us longer for a moment the lesson and advance with our ill fated family history.

Zerah Haymond taught us that there could be a man, fell and steady of purpose, who as Milton said of our first father.—

"Sin and Death amain
Following his track."

But smiling malicious pleasure unlike our first parent, no tear of self regret bedewed his steps. The first sacrifice to revenge was now steeped in forgetfulness; but we were for the moment involved in cares of even higher import than even the destruction of a sister. The report, at first in whispers, but soon assuming a louder tone, became general, that Dr. Ganoway, was the person by whose hand or agency, the quotation so obnoxious to the British party, had been placarded on the election ground.

"The foul villain shall answer for this," vociferated my father, the moment the imputation was made known to him, "what villain," demanded Alloys and myself, in unfeigned surprise.

"The villain who placed it there, and who would now sink his country, his sister, and himself, if he could drag you in the wreck, Alloys," replied my father with an expression of countenance which showed us both too much to admit reply. The whole scenes of the two days had indeed operated as a fearful vision which we dreaded to look upon and hoped to see melting away in thin air. Now the vision in the form of our own parent, stood in awful revelation before us pointing to a gulf, into which were falling all that was dear to us.

Manifold as were his faults, his crimes perhaps might be better said, one virtue I still must accord to Zerah Haymond, it was respectful attention, yea affection for his sister, as far as his nature admitted affection.

The distance between our houses was about four miles, and one mile from Haymond Farm the intermediate road crossed a large creek by a wooden bridge of considerable span. As this bridge and on the side next my father's house, a family resided, with whom both our families were on terms of great intimacy and friendship.

Along this road, and amid very picturesque scenery was Catharine Haymond accustomed to walk, alleged both by taste and friendship. For some days before the election, the lowering brow of her brother had cast a damp on the heart of Catharine, deepened by a corresponding cloud on the face of her lover. On the morning of the election, this devoted woman rose from a sleepless and feverish pillow. Zerah noticed and kindly asked the cause of her anxiety. She answered by her silence and her tears, and when her brother departed, she leaned from her window and watched his receding person until lost to her view. It was then my brother and myself found her. To me she had been for years a second sister,—need I say what she was to Alloys Ganoway?

Attached as they were, in the highest and holiest sense in which man and woman could be attached, and only a few days both relying on the promises of hope for long years companionship along the road of life. There was now nothing of coldness, but futurity had ceased to smile. The conflict between human pride and human affection had commenced. Catharine Haymond was a woman of superior order, but she was also a branch of an aristocratic family, and unable to suppress a feeling of bitterness, on seeing her brother rivalled by one of inferior rank. Had any one hinted to her the suspicion of such an influence, she would have spurned the suggestion. At the time, I did myself attribute her perturbation of mind to mere anxiety, but time has taught me a harder lesson.

Alloys and Catharine, after some conversation which I heard not, as I rode slowly from the house until overtaken by my brother. What was passing in his mind I too well divined to inquire. He was silent, thoughtful, and at intervals sad, and with very few words we reached the election ground and joined our father, who had proceeded by a different road in company with some gentlemen, who requested his company to hear news from Head Quarters. The events of the election day you have heard; and you have heard also the dreadful denunciation of our father against Zerah Haymond.

Stunned and confounded, as my brother could not otherwise than be, at the vehemence of his father, and at the new suspicion opened against Zerah Haymond, still Alloys was not a man to be moved from his sincerity of purpose, and broke a long and very painful silence, by observing with much firmness, "My father, that young man may be a villain, rash he is, and malicious I fear he is; but all this is no excuse to me."

"And you intend to fulfil your engagement?" demanded my father sternly.

"My father," replied Alloys, "do you now advise me to despise the maxims of virtue, of honor, and of humanity, which next to God, I thank you for implanting?"

With all his natural inflexibility, my father was many minutes subdued, but the second terrible storm of several minutes, the old man rose and several times traversed the room in evident conflict with himself, and then suddenly stood still, alternately turning his stern face on son to the other, at length observed with all the feeling of a father, "Yes, my sons, follow the dictates you have been taught, and leave the rest to Him who alone can decide the issue." In pronouncing this solemn advice, in a tone which had long been silenced by the harsh discords of the times, our father walked into our sister's room, beside whose bed sat our patient and enduring mother; a mother whose advice, if taken, would have saved years of woe; a mother who, under a most placid exterior, concealed a heart of consuming tenderness, a love of home and its inmates, unshared by the hollow allurements of the world. But such never did—never will guide those who would profit most by their admonitions.

The door was scarcely closed after our father when Alloys observed, "Things cannot remain thus; we must ride, George," and without giving me time to make any response, called to a servant boy and ordered our horses, and to a few minutes we were on the road. It was still early on Tuesday morning, the day after the election. "You do not know where I wish us to go," said my brother.

"With great truth I do not, Alloys," I replied, and subjoined, "until some common friend has interfered, you certainly do not intend—"

"I intend to save my enemy from himself," replied Alloys, "and turn him into a brother if possible, and I wish you to go with me to—"

Here we were interrupted by the sudden appearance of two young men, who at a rapid pace came before us at a sharp turn of the road. They were strangers, but gentlemen in appearance. As we met both parties halted, as one of the strangers politely demanded if we were not the sons of Dr. Ganoway? I replied we were, adding our respective names. The questioner then very deliberately handed a sealed letter to Alloys, who opened it and very calmly read it over twice, and then handed it to me. It was a most insulting challenge from Zerah Haymond. It is vain to say what we ought to have done; suffice it to say what we did do; but before I enter on that subject, let me turn to the other side.

Whenever her brother rode from home in his gig, it had been an almost invariable custom with Catharine Haymond to walk some distance to meet him, if she knew the direction of his return. Crowding apprehensions on the day of the election, would have forced the affectionate girl to haste to assure herself all was safe, if she never had done so before. In the evening therefore, with her favorite waiting woman, she slowly, but very unsteadily took the road, ordering supper to be laid for several persons, as she expected perhaps some company with her brother. Her road led her directly towards the bridge and house I have already mentioned.

The catastrophe on the election ground, induced the gentlemen with him, to convey Zerah home by a different route, in order to keep him separate from my father and brother, as their roads were common as far as the bridge. As the evening was closing in, the enraged man arrived at his home; and when the servants informed him that his sister had left home to meet him, he turned to the young man then with him, and who delivered the challenge to Alloys next morning, observed, "This is the first time I was ever glad not to find my sister at home—hope she will go on to our friend's at the bridge, and stay all night." His companion smiled, with as much as to say, "We can execute our purpose better in your sister's absence." A violent shower of rain, with a violent wind assisted them that Catharine was detained as they wished, and rate; and so satisfied, their measures were taken, and executated in the manner I have related.

To my turn I read the cartel of blood, and have to confess, its contents deprived me of the proper power of an adviser, and I handed the paper back to Alloys with a look which he too well understood, and with the utmost coolness folding it up and putting it in his pocket book, observed to the friend, 'Go back to your principal, and tell him to come at once to Iceland's Meadow; I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Mr. Haymond will be there in less than ten minutes," replied the friend, and rode off.

Iceland's Meadow was an open spot, once a small field, some half a mile below the bridge. I have more than once mentioned. A lonely spot, on which not many months before, a young man had fallen in single combat. Our horses were at once turned towards the place of bleed; but I had not proceeded but a few hundred yards, when all the unnatural conduct of both parties, struck me as at a flash of lightning had passed through my heart, and I exclaimed—"Alloys, you certainly do not intend to seek this man's life."

"I do not intend," replied my brother with warmth, "to hurt a hair of his head, but I cannot be called a coward—I cannot"—and we reached the ground in silence. On it we found our opponents. In a few moments the necessary preparations in the language of duellists were made, both principals, the one in gloomy and the other in saddened silence, awaiting the signal of death.

That signal was at length given, and the ball from the pistol in the hand of Zerah Haymond grazed the breast of my brother, who, casting a parting glance on his antagonist, discharged his weapon in the ground on his right.

This generous act seemed only to exasperate Haymond the more, who, gnashing his teeth, insisted on a repetition. A glance from Alloys forbid my interference, and again the vindictive man stood with his charged pistol, my brother still maintaining his attitude, which, let me avow, I then blamed as the superstition of magnanimity. But as the parties were again taking their stations, a piercing scream from an adjacent thicket, arrested principals and seconds, as a half grown boy rushed from the bushes in speechless terror, and pointing in the direction from which he issued. We all stood motionless—expecting every moment the appearance of some other person. My expectations rested on Catharine Haymond, which I believe was the case with her brother, and whatever might have been passing in the mind of either of the other two spectators, they had less cause to lose their presence of mind, and both advanced in the direction in which the terrified boy pointed. They had, however, merely entered the margin of the copse-wood, when both started back with uplifted hands and exclamations of horror. Their first impulse was followed by a rush into the thicket, followed by my brother, by Haymond and myself. Little did either of us anticipate what object was to meet our view. That object was the corpse of Catharine Haymond, as the two young men were removing it from a branch under which the lovely woman had been strangled, or placed after being murdered. She was suspended by one of her own silk handkerchiefs.

The best emotions of human nature were roused, and the brother dashed the charged pistol from his hand, threw himself on the earth raising the cold and ghastly head to his breast, which seemed as if bursting with mingled grief and remorse, until a violent gush of tears fell warm on the only face perhaps that ever was really loved by Zerah Haymond. "God of eternal justice," exclaimed my brother, as he flung the pistol with frantic force into the stream, and clasping his hands in agony, stood a statue of indescribable despair, over the remains of the hopes of his existence. The terrible events of less than one short week, were rushing upon the minds of the whole group, when another voice came to frantic accents to increase the horrors of the scene.

"Villains, who has done this?" screamed my father, rushing forward. It was evident he had conceived the idea that Catharine had fallen by the mischance shot of either his own son or her brother; and as no reply was made to his ominous demand, the question was repeated in a voice still more raised and menacing.

"Dr. Ganoway," at length observed the young man who had acted as the second to Zerah Haymond, "you are deceived."—"I am not deceived," fiercely rejoined my father, "one of these"—and he pointed in bitterness to his son and Haymond. If the soul of Haymond had for a moment been penetrated with the beams of mercy and forgiveness, those lights shone but for a moment;—the Demon prevailed, and the words from my father. "One of these," were no sooner pronounced, than dropping the frame of his dead sister on the ground, sprung to his feet, exclaiming "Yes! one of us; there is the murderer of Catharine Haymond," and he spurned Alloys from him with all his force. My brother rose to his feet, though considerably hurt by the blow and fell, mournfully breathing to himself "what have I done to incur this load of misery?"

Our father, who still misunderstood the nature of the charge, readily and readily conceived that the young and innocent victim had fallen in the act of rushing between the combatants, regarded his son with a look of mingled grief and anger. As to myself, who had every reason to exonerate my abused brother, it is not for me to say what act of desperation I might not have perpetrated, had time been given. The whole scene from the appearance of the boy, to the malign acts and words of Haymond, did not, it is probable, occupy one minute; but in so brief a period how much of fate was engendered. Whether Zerah Haymond when imputing the blood of his sister to her affianced husband, was so far blinded by his passions, his disappointed ambition, and natural inclination to violent emotions of mind, really believed the fact, or whether he knew and disregarded the falsity and injustice of his charge, must now forever remain unknown to man; but let his motives and convictions be what they might, the whole energy of his soul was enlisted, and never did any human being pursue any purpose, however inadible or just, with more indefatigable steadiness.

So confounded were we by so sudden, and so great an accumulation of misery, that not until the neighbours began to arrive, did either my father, brother or self observe the departure of one of the young men who to attended Zerah Haymond; but who had gained the start on the spur and by repeating "Catharine Haymond was found this morning, below Varrick's Bridge, murdered by Alloys Ganoway."

It can astonish no person who ever watched with care the operations of human society, on being told that such a report spread with the rapidity of the winds, and that it gained almost universal credence. The very improbability of the act, its variance from time or the day of election, all were mingled and combined, in the tale of "*The Murder.*" On the minds of those now rapidly assembling, and with the atrocious report ringing in their ears, the woe stricken countenance of Alloys Ganoway, and his silent grief were construed into conscious guilt. It was only indeed, after the impanel of the Jury of inquest, that either of us were aware of the peril of our situation. For my own part, as well was I convinced of its utter falsity, that I felt alternate resentment against, or pity for an infatuated man; the former sentiment prevailed in the bosom of our father; and neither, until brought home to us, harbored a fear of the public sanctioning a calumny contradicted by every rational view of presumptive evidence.

We were soon undeceived, the examination of witnesses had actually commenced before a single person thought of inquiring about the servant woman who had accompanied Catharine from her home. "Let Bona be called," said the coroner. "Where is Bona?" came from the whole Jury, and many of the bystanders; but nothing of Bona could be learned on the closest inquiry over the neighbourhood, and we were left to time or more truly to the Ruler of time, to discover the fate of this woman, and the real murderer of Catharine Haymond.

"Ask him who must know," said Haymond, casting a glance of dreadful import on my brother. The eyes of all present were turned alternately from the corpse to the supposed criminal, and to him they with very few exceptions, regarded as a bereaved brother! To this, no general prepossession, one exception did present itself, in the person of a young Presbyterian clergyman, whom I shall name, Mr. Thompson. This excellent and energetic man, long acquainted with our family, espoused, and perhaps too zealously, the cause of my brother. But on such an occasion, espouse which side he may, it seems to be a law of nature to rush to the extremes. Such was now the case with Mr. Thompson, and his known friendship for our family, coupled with his fervent efforts in our favor, exposed him to the suspicion of being influenced unjustly by that friendship. In brief, every circumstance elicited by the inquest, appeared to form a mass of constructive evidence against Alloys Ganoway, too strong to be resisted.

The first evidence examined, was a dark, swarthy, itinerant carpenter, who deposed, that on the evening of the election, he was returning from the ground on foot and by a pathway which crossed the main road close upon the right of Varrick's bridge, towards Haymond's farm—that as he approached the main road, he saw Catharine Haymond and her woman slowly walking in the direction of the bridge—that he saw on the opposite side a man approach the bridge, which on his oath he declared to be Alloys Ganoway—that from the inflections

Saturday Evening Post.

AUGUST 1, 1835.

☞ We must beg the indulgence of our numerous correspondents until another week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published a new edition of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving. This work needs no commendation from us; it has long ago received the stamp of public approbation—both in Europe and America—and will certainly find a place in every well selected library. The present edition, we understand, has undergone a complete revision by the author, and new matter, also, has been added to the appendix, which must render it still more worthy of public acceptation. The style, moreover, in which this work is written, is an especial recommendation; it is characterised by all the neatness and perspicuity for which Irving has been so long celebrated; and we glide through it with as much delight as though it were actually a romance.

THE GIPSEY.—*By the author of Richlieu.—New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a new novel from the pen of Mr. James, the simple announcement of which, is sufficient to secure it a host of readers.—We have not yet perused it ourselves, but hear it every where spoken of in the highest terms. The New York Courier & Enquirer, in speaking of it, says, "The Gipsey is a story of private life, having no historical foundation, and therein differing from all its senior brethern; but in point of talent and interest; of vigorous conception, skilful management, and finished delineation of character,—it belongs, as will soon be discovered, to the same illustrious family. It not only beats, but courts comparison with its elders."

BRECKINRIDGE'S DISCOURSE ON NATURAL THEOLOGY.—This work has just been published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The author says, "The composition of this Discourse was undertaken in consequence of an observation which I had often made, that scientific men were apt to regard the study of Natural Religion as little connected with philosophical pursuits. It therefore appeared to me desirable to define more precisely than had yet been done, the place and the claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge."

The work is an invaluable one, and should be in the possession of all, who make the subject upon it treats any portion of their studies

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN—NEW YORK: HARPER & BROTHERS.—Who would ever have thought that the life of Edmund Kean would be comprised in a single volume! What will Mr. Boaden say to this? he would probably have swelled it to *half a dozen*, without saying as much as Barry Cornwall has said in one. But it is not our object to institute a comparison between these two authors.

As to the work itself, we have read it with more than ordinary pleasure. It is written in a pleasant and agreeable style, and, as a literary performance, we think it highly creditable to the author. He has shown himself fully competent to the task, notwithstanding the opinion hazarded by Mr. Galt—if we are to judge from the preface to his "Lives of the Players"—that he was the only person capable of writing an *amusing* biography of an actor. The author's remarks upon the characters of Shakspeare which Kean delighted to represent, are sufficient to convince us that he possesses great powers of discrimination, and withall, thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

In the life of Kean, we will learn what genius may accomplish, where it is united with a proper degree of perseverance. Kean was of humble, and, according to his biographer, of doubtful origin; he had, therefore, to make his way through the world, unfriended and alone. He conceived a fondness for the stage, and almost the first we hear of him, is as one of the imps in Macbeth, dancing around the enchanted cauldron. Time passed on, and our embryo Tragedian, was subjected to every possible degree of want and privation. Still, he bore up manfully under his afflictions, and suffered nothing to discourage him. Sometimes for days, subsisting upon apples and turnips; at others, he danced, sang, enacted Mother Goose, or any thing else, that was likely to procure him a dinner or a glass of ale. At length he married a Miss Chambers, who, like himself, was a member of a strolling company of players. Then, as might have been expected, he had new difficulties to encounter. He was reduced to the utmost poverty, and travelled with his wife on foot, a distance of *one hundred and eighty miles*, to fulfil an engagement that was only to yield him *two pounds* a week. Finally, he made his way to Drury Lane. This was a triumph which he had long enjoyed in anticipation. He prepared to make his appearance in Shylock under the most unfavorable circumstances. Every body predicted a failure; but Kean heeded not these things; he had two great a confidence in his own powers. The curtain rose, and he was presented to a London audience. Almost the first words he spoke, riveted the attention of his hearers, and before the curtain fell, he had achieved a triumph unprecedented in the annals of the stage.

From this time, Mr. Kean continued to prosper in his profession, and the harvest of his labours was rich beyond description.

In the seventh chapter of the volume, we find some account of the first play ever written by the distinguished author of "Virginius" and the "Hunchback"—James Sheridan Knowles. It was called "*Leo, or the Gipsey*," and was produced for the first time about twenty five years ago, in Waterford, Ireland, with Mr. Kean in the principal part. The biographer has furnished his readers with a portion of this play, which we read with peculiar interest, particularly as it was one of the author's earliest efforts at dramatic writing. As a specimen of this powers at this period, we take great pleasure in subjoining the following neat and spirited little song.

The boat had heard the pilot's "hail,"
The oars were ready, and the wind
Was sporting with the loosen'd sail,
That long'd to leave the shore behind;
When William press'd the lips again,
That never lover press'd but he—
That never lover press'd till then—
And left his Emma for the sea.

He did not find a watery grave.
Tohavm'd he stood the rising gale;
Unharm'd he rode the swelling wave,
And smiling hurl'd his faithful mail.
But him, that wind and waves would spare,
Relentless love no pity bore;
For William's heart was lord as e'er,
But Emma!—Emma lov'd no more.

LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE.—This is the title of a new work which Carey & Hart of this city will regularly issue in weekly numbers after the first of October next. It will be furnished to subscribers at *five dollars per annum*, and the amount of matter thus received in a single year, will be equal to more than *forty volumes* of the common sized English duodecimo books. The pages of the Library will be alternately enriched with Biography, History, Travels, Novels, and Poetry, besides occasional translations from the French, Italian and German. In addition to this, the cover will exhibit the miscellaneous character of a Magazine, and consist of sketches of men and things, and notices of novelties in literature and the arts, throughout the civilized world. If such a work as this should fail to succeed, it must be because the people are either destitute of money, or have already more books than they know what to do with.

There is a spirited little periodical in New York, entitled the "Fashion Flower," and edited by Miss Anna J. Reid. She lately sent a copy of it to her Majesty, Queen Adelaide of England, which elicited the following complimentary letter.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, May 26, 1835.

Sir Henry Wheatly presents his compliments to Miss Reid, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of her letter dated April 30, and enclosing a little "Flower" for the Queen, which Sir Henry has not failed to submit to Her Majesty, who has directed him to assure Miss Reid, that the kind feelings and expressions contained in her note are not less gratifying to Her Majesty than the little work itself which accompanies it.

Well done the Queen! There is now some hope (thanks to Sir Henry Wheatly!) that the sense of *American Literature* will flourish.

FRANCESCA CARRARA.—*By the author of Romance and Reality: Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—A new novel from the pen of Miss Landon (L. E. L.) should create as little sensation among those who are in the habit of reading works of fiction. She is a lady of rare endowments, and has been long and favourably known to the public as an elegant and accomplished writer. Her poetry won her golden opinions, even from the most fastidious, and judging from the present work, she will be equally successful in her efforts at prose.

Francesca Carrara is a charming production, and must rapidly win its way to public favour. Its style is good, and the characters exceedingly well drawn. We shall not say any thing of the plot, because we do not wish to forestall the reader's interest. Let every one purchase the book, and examine for themselves. We will remark, however, that it abounds in beautiful thought, and a rich flow of diction, which, alone, should be sufficient to ensure it a favourable reception. We select a few passages as specimens of the author's style.

"Whom the gods love die young," is one of the truths taught by the old Greek poets; those poets half sage, half seer. And methinks, that though tears are shed abundantly when the coffin lid presses down some fair and bright head, we were wiser did we keep those tears for the living.—Let the young perish in the hour of promise—how much will they be spared!—passion, that kindles but to consume the heart, and leaves either vacancy or regret, a ruin or a desert: ambition, that only reaches its goal to find it worthless when gained, or but the starting place for another feverish race, doomed again to end in disappointment; enemies that cross us at every step, and friends that deceive—and what friends do not?—the blighted hope, the embittered feeling, the wasted powers, the remorse and despair,—all these are spared by the merciful, the early grave.

* * * * * *

In all things there is one period more lovely than aught that has gone before—than aught that can ever come again.—That delicate green touched with faint primrose of the young leaves when the boughs are putting forth the promise of a shadowy summer—the tender crimson of the opening bud, whose fragrant depths are unconscious of the sun—these are the truest emblems for that transitory epoch in the history of a girl's heart, when her love, felt for the first time, is as simple, as guileless, as unworldly as herself. It is the purest, the most ideal poetry in nature. It does not, and it cannot last. It is only too likely that the innocent and trusting heart will be ground down to the very dust. Falsehood, disappointment and neglect, form the majority of chances: and even if fortunate—fortunate in requited faithfulness and a sheltered home—still the visionary hour of youth is gone by. There are duties instead of dreams—romance exhausts itself—and the imaginative is merged in the commonplace. The pale green returns not to the leaf, the delicate red to the flower, and, still less, its early poetry to the heart.

Let the waves sweep over them! Better the dark, silent, and fated waves of the ocean, than the troubled waves of life.—There are some whose sojourn on the earth is brief as it is bitter. For such the world keeps the wasted affection, the hope destroyed, the energy that preys upon itself, the kindly feeling unrequited, and love that asks for happiness and finds despair or death. The loss in this existence are unequal. Some pass along a path predestined to weariness and tears. Such a destiny have I here recorded; and, are its truth be denied, I pray those who may turn these pages to think of those they have known, and their memory will witness for me. The kindest, the loveliest, the best whom they can remember, has not like for them poured forth from its darkest cup? have they not known the broken heart and the early grave? Such natures belong not to our soil—they are of another sphere; and its mercy when Heaven recalls its own.

THE POLITICIAN'S REGISTER.—This is a new work just issued from the press of Messrs Key and Biddle. It contains a brief sketch of the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments of the Federal and State Governments; the mode of chosing the Executive of the United States by Electoral Colleges and by Congress; the laws of Naturalization, and the qualifications of Electors in the several States;—together with a sketch of the Army and Navy, names of Government officers, census and various other statistical tables, &c. Also, returns of the votes cast in the last elections for Presidential Electors, Members of Congress, and Governors of the several States.

We will quote the following portion of the preface to shew more particularly the design of the work.

"The Register has been compiled, under a belief that an abstract of the leading features of our Federal and State Governments, comprised in a small space, will be a matter of interest to every citizen, and especially to those who have not leisure for extensive research and investigation. The returns of late elections, &c., will be valuable to politicians, and to all who feel an interest in the approaching Gubernatorial and Presidential contests, as a matter of reference upon which to base estimates of future results. The political character of the candidates has been stated in all cases where it could be ascertained without doubt."

Dr. Bird's new novel, "The Infidel," has been published in Carlton, or the Fall of Mexico." The London Literary Gazette, in speaking of it, says—

"The historical personages are cleverly delineated, and the descriptions of the Mexican scenery and people are graphic and interesting, and the strange superstitions and beliefs of the age are also pleasingly sketched."

The Doctor bids fair to have more than a nine day's popularity. Success to him.

"THE LAW LIBRARY" for August has been issued and contains the conclusion of Ram's admirable Treatise on Legal Judgment, commenced in the preceding number, and the greater part of "A General Treatise on Statues; and their rules of construction." By Fortunatus Dwarris, Esq. of the Middle Temple. Mr. Littell, Law-Bookseller, No. 11 George street is the proprietor of the "*Law Library*," and we cannot too strongly recommend his valuable and beautiful periodical, to the favour of the profession generally, in the United States.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN—*Philadelphia, Robert Wright.*—There is no mistake in David Crockett. His "grinning the bark off of a tree," is nothing in comparison to the facility with which he manufactures books. He is a very Lope De Vega, and in biography will soon dispute the palm with the renowned *Emmens* himself. We will commence our notice of the present work, by giving the title page in full. It is as follows:—

"The Life of Martin Van Buren, heir apparent to the Government; and the appointed successor of General Andrew Jackson: Containing every particular by which his extraordinary character has been formed: With a concise history of the events that have occasioned his unparalled elevation; together with a review of his policy as a statesman."

Next comes the motto, which shows plainly enough, that the Colonel, although he lives among the bears in Tennessee, is tolerably conversant with our modern poets.

"Good Lord! what is VAN!—for though simple he looks,
'Tis a task to unravel his looks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all, he's a *Riddle* must puzzle the devil."

For the benefit of our readers, we shall next quote the first paragraph of the preface.

"Statesmen are gamesters, and the people are the cards they play with. And it is curious to see how good the comparison holds as to all the games, the shuffling, and the tricks performed with them sort of books, as they are sometimes called. From "*three up*" to "*whist*," from a "*constable* to a "*president*," the hands are all dealing out; and in both cases, the way they cut and shuffle is a surprise to all young beginners."

Every body must now be satisfied that David is a statesman, and understands all about the complicated machinery of the Government. We shall conclude our notice of the book with a few extracts from the first chapter, which, we think, will be equally amusing to every class of readers.

CURIOSITY.

THE greatest thing in creation is *curiosity*. We are taught that it damned a world. And if the "Gen'ral," and Black Hawk, and me were to travel through the United States, we would bring out, no matter what kind of weather, more people to see us than any other three persons out of fifteen millions of souls now living in the United States. And what would it be for? As I am one of the persons mentioned, I believe I won't push that question any further. What I am driving at is this: when a man rises from a low degree, and gets into a rank that he ain't use to, far above his old neighbours,—whether he rises by his talents or his tricks, his decency or his deceit,—such a man starts the *curiosity* of the world to know how he has got along, more than any other character in all nature. Now I need not go any further for an example than to me and Mr. Van Buren; we both come from nothing; and we both prove that if the people were as cute as they are curious, they wouldn't find so much to admire in us as the fun they make about us would seem to justify. There is thus much, however, can be said in our favour, if there is nothing to boast of; it isn't our fault if the people make themselves fools about us; the more they honour us, the more ridiculous they make themselves.—The folly and mischief which *curiosity* produces is not so criminal as that of *malice*, but it is equally fatal.

BIRTH AND PORTRAIT OF VAN.

MARTIN VAN BUREN was born in the year 1781, at KINDERHOOK, on the banks of the far famed Hudson, the river of steamboats and high banks, in the state of New York. He is about fifty-three years old; and notwithstanding his baldness, which reaches all round and over half down his head, like a white pitch plaster, leaving a few white floating locks, he is only three years older than I am. His face is a good deal shrivelled, and he looks sorry, not for any thing he has gained, but what he may lose. This, perhaps, is owing to the *chase* in which he is now and long has been engaged. The *cure* of the bank, and the office-hunting *hounds* of opposition, keep constantly on the *scent* of him, and though he *doubles* in one place, and *backs back* in another, which occasionally throws them *all the track*, yet the *old hunters* fully understand him, and soon get into *full cry* again.

VAN AND THE AUTHOR—A PARALLEL.

Mr. Van Buren's parents were humble, plain, and not much troubled with book knowledge; and so were mine. His father hung out his sign on a post, with a daub on it, intended for a horse, and with the words "*entertainment for man and horse*," so did mine: for both kept little village taverns. He has become a great man without any good reason for it; and so have I. He has been nominated for president without the least pretensions; and so have I. But here the similarity stops: from his cradle he was of the *aristocracy* tribe; I never was. He had always *two ways to do a thing*; I never had but one. He was generally half bent; I tried to be as straight as a gun-barrel. He couldn't bear his rise; I never minded mine. He forgot all his old associates because they were poor folks; I stuck to the people that made me. I would not have mentioned his origin, because I like to see people rise from nothing; but when they try to hide it, I think it ought to be thrown up to them; for I am a man that hasn't soul enough to own the friends that have started him, and to acknowledge the means by which he has climbed into notice, ought once-in-a while to be reminded of the mire in which he used to wallow.

Neither Mr. Van Buren nor me had much education; but he is none the worse for that, if he don't pretend to more than he knows. A man should never brag of his knowledge; and therefore I always let my writings, and speeches, and sayings do that for me, without ever hinting at such a thing. Self-educated men, that make a figure in the world, like what Mr. Van Buren and me have done, ought to have a great share of modesty; and consequently, I have declined two nominations for president. But Mr. Van Buren ain't proof against these dazzling shoes held out to him; he lacks diffidence. He stands well with himself, and thinks if he ain't fit for the office, he can make the people believe he is.

VAN'S BOYHOOD.

The world is generally curious to know, when they read the life of a great man, what kind of a boy he was; whether he gave early signs of what he has turned out to be. About this there are many rumours; but as I do not wish to deal in the marvellous, my readers must excuse me if I decline giving any of the prodigies of my hero in his youth, especially as authentic. I do not wish to risk the credibility of my narrative by relating any of these wonders as true.—For instance, it is said that at a *year* old he could laugh on one side of his face and cry on the other, at one and the same time; and so by his eating, after he was weaned, he could chew his bread and meat separately on the opposite sides of his mouth; plainly showing, as all the old woman said, that he had a *turn* for any thing. While at school, he was remarkable for his aptness; and it is said—but I do not vouch for the truth of the report—that at six years old he could actually tell when his book was wrong end upwards; and at twelve, he could read it just as well *up-side-down as right-side-up*, and that he practised it both ways, to acquire a shifting nack for business, and a ready turn for doing things more ways than one. All this, however, I give as mere rumour, not doubting, as in the case of most great men, these wonderful exploits in boyhood are manufactured to meet their fame when they become great: and I now especially inform the public that there was nothing remarkable in me throughout all my youth.

ANECDOTE.

A pleasant anecdote is related of him when he was quite young. It is truly like him, and planted the principle upon which he has acted ever since. A warmly-contested election was coming on, and the friends on both sides, being men of influence, used great exertions, and became much excited; our hero applied to quite a knowing politician for his opinion as to the result. The answer expressing much doubt, young Martin, casting his eyes wishfully towards the ground, said, "I do wish I knew which party would succeed, as I want to take a side, but don't like to be in the minority."

Stop'd.—This paper was ordered *stop'd* last January, again in April, and now again in July." Who this postmaster is, where he lives, and what his qualifications, we know not, for he has given us no clew to either, except the last. We, therefore, once more ask that when a paper is requested to be "stop'd" the writer would be good enough to let us know the *name of the post office, the town, county, and state, or territory*, in which it is located.—*Ch. Adv. and Jour.*

This grievance is a very common one with publishers. The wrappers containing the names, Post office, &c. are carefully torn off by the postmaster and the paper returned, thus putting it out of the power of the publisher to comply with the orders he has received.

The Baltimore papers have alluded to some strange occurrences in that city. Perhaps the following is an explanation.

Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

BALTIMORE, July 23, 1835.

Would you like a piece of gossip this sultry weather? Out city, just at this time is full of it. There John S. Bassiere. He is perhaps thirty-odd years of age—has a family—is tolerably well-looking—is said to be fascinating in his manner—can spout French and Italian very fluently—has for some years past run a grand rig in Baltimore, in the way of keeping a young ladies riding school, running omnibuses, until he run them out of sight and himself out of funds,—getting into private broils, quarrels, fighting, having duels, getting kicked out of lyceums, and so forth.—He has been almost the terror of the town. Every body, almost despised; and yet every body, all most, has been afraid of him. He has had a whipping at last, however, a severe one, almost as severe as it was just.

Bassiere formerly boarded with a Mrs. S——, who for a long time kept a respectable school for young misses. One of the young ladies attending this school was a Miss W—— from Washington. Yesterday, her guardian, Mr. Bayles, of Washington, being in this city, called at the house of Mrs. S——, who has been for some time confined to her house with indisposition, to see his ward. He was told that she was not then in, but should be sent for. A person was sent; Bayles also took his hat and went out. He overtook the girl who was going after Miss W., and asked her where she was. The girl at first refused to tell him. This created suspicion, and he soon prevailed upon her to show him to the house, which was none other than Captain Bassiere's, who, although his family is staying in the country, still occupies, or has occupied, a house in town. Mr. Bayles rung; a servant came to the door; he asked for Captain Bassiere. The servant said he was sick, and could not be seen. Mr. B. said he would see him—pushed the servant aside, and entered the house. He was proceeding up stairs when he met Bassiere;—words were exchanged—and so were blows! Magistrates and citizens, attracted by the noise, rushed in. Miss W. and a daughter of Mrs. S. made their appearance in grand, dishabille!!! The combatants were separated; Bassiere ran into his room, got his pistols, and aimed one at Bayles, which was no sooner done than the latter rushed upon him like a tiger, beat him down and mashed the life almost out of him; the spectators standing by and rejoicing to see the "Devil get his due!"

Bassiere delivered himself into the hands of the law last night, and went to jail for safe keeping. Medical aid had to be sent for, and, so severe was his beating, that he had a number of his last night. If he had not gone to the jail he would have been killed by the enraged populace, who assembled in multitudes round his house, to demolish it, and to tar and feather Bassiere. The excitement to-day is very great. The wretch will surely be killed if he ever makes his appearance here again. His seduction of these two girls has capped the climax of his crimes. Mrs. S.'s school, upon which she depended for support, is broken up,—but, oh heavens, what must be the inevitable fate of her daughter and Miss W.?

An intelligent writer in the National Intelligencer, under the signature of 'Tacitus,' gives some interesting statistics of the Religions of the world. His statements however of the sum total of the inhabitants of the earth is below the estimate usually given. He puts down the whole population at seven hundred and seventy four millions; most statistical writers make it between eight hundred and a thousand million. He gives the following table of the religious subdivisions of the whole:

Christians,	260,000,000
Bouddhism,	300,000,000
Mahometans,	100,000,000
Brahminism,	70,000,000
Judaism,	4,000,000
All other religious Tecticism,	140,000,000

The Christians are divided as follows:

Catholicism,	139,000,000
Greek Church,	62,000,000
Protestants,	59,000,000

The Mahometans are divided into two sects, those of Omar and Ali, represented respectively by the Turks and Persians, and inveterately hostile to each other. The vast number under Bouddhism are divided between China and Japan. It is here that there is a numerical deficiency in the statement of the writer, the united population of these countries being generally supposed to be not less than four hundred millions.

Sporting Intelligence.—The Germantown Telegraph of Wednesday, says,—"Forty-eight Woodcock were ——— *frightened nearly to death*, last week, in this neighborhood, by a half dozen Philadelphia *crack* shots, who scoured the country for ten miles round, and burnt nearly as much powder as at the battle of Germantown. Their "bag," we understand, consisted of a *cathird*, that one of the savage fellows struck over the head and eyes with the butt of his gun!—As for the poor woodcocks, after such a world "scrimmage," their condition may be imagined—it cannot be described!"

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Kept at the Northern Liberties Free Admission News Rooms, (in the shade.)

JULY	9	12	1	3 o'clock.	
Thurs.	23,	78	83	84	82 S.W. clear.
Frida.	24,	84	86½	88	84 S. clear.
Satur.	25,	82	87½	90	86 SW. clear, hottest
Sund.	26,	83	85	87	82 N.S. clear. [day.
Mon.	27,	67	86	69½	71 East. clear.
Tues.	28,	66	67	65½	67 East. rain.
Wed.	29,	69	72	73	78 South. clouds.

ANDREW McMAKIN, Proprietor.

INSURRECTION OF SLAVES IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

NASHVILLE, July 15.

A merchant of Nashville received a letter this morning from a gentleman of respectability in Mississippi, giving an account of an extensive meditated insurrection of the slaves in that State; which was fortunately discovered a few days before the intended massacre took place. The letter is evidently written under a strong excitement, and, perhaps, with some exaggeration; but the account given is, no doubt substantially true.

The writer says:

"I take a few moments from the awful distress and confusion existing here, to inform you that the (Hinds) and several adjoining counties have been under arms day and night, in our own defence, expecting every moment to be burned up or have our throats cut by the negroes. A dreadful alarm exists particularly among the females.

"An insurrection has, it appears, been on hand among the negroes, for the last six months, headed by white men. The massacre was to have commenced on the 4th of July. Their plans were well laid, and no doubt but that thousands of the whites would have been murdered, had we not been saved, only a week before the time, by a faithful negro man, who was in all their secrets, and was to have been high in command, and who revealed to his master the whole plan; and to convince him of its reality, placed his master in a position where, from his place of concealment, he could overhear one of their night meetings, at which the whole scheme was discussed.

"A great many negroes were, in consequence, taken up in Madison county, from whom the committee found out who the white leaders were. About ten negroes and five or six white men have been hung without any form of law or trial except an examination before the committee. They are still going on trying and hanging. It appears from a confession that Doctor Cotton made, that their route was to have commenced somewhere above this, and proceed thence, through the principal towns to Natchez, and then on to New Orleans, murdering all the white men and ugly women—sparing the handsome ones and making wives of them—and plundering and burning as they went. Dr. Cotton after being condemned upon negro testimony, made a confession and disclosed the whole plan. He is an old confederate of a man by the name of Murrell, now in the Nashville Penitentiary."

The account is truly frightful, and illustrates with fearful emphasis the dangers which impend over the South. These insurrections have, we believe, in every instance, been traced to the unwarranted interference of the whites. The unlettered slave who strikes for his freedom is, perhaps, rather an object of compassion than anger; but the white man who could foment an insurrection of the blacks, the first step of which is taken in blood, and the object of which is lust and slaughter, must be a fiend incarnate.

From the Louisiana Advertiser.

LYNCH LAW—FIVE GAMBLERS HUNG WITHOUT TRIAL.

Outrage at Vicksburg.—Several Lives Lost.—We have just learned the particulars of this horrible affair reported by one of the steamboats yesterday. It appears that some persons had kept a gambling house in Vicksburg for some time, and as usual in similar establishments, had their pimps and their decoys employed, inveigling inexperienced young men into the lion's den, where they were invariably fleeced of all they possessed, a frequently ill-treated by the conductors.

The inhabitants determined to abate the nuisance, had held several meetings, and given notice repeatedly to the offenders to quit the city by a certain time, or suffer the consequences of an outraged community. The day at length arrived when the committee waited on them, and told them, that their passage was paid for on board a steamboat and quit they must! they positively refused—the committee retired to deliberate, and again returned, but the house was closed, and whilst endeavoring to gain admittance, several shots were fired from the windows, one of which struck Dr. Bodley, the chairman of the committee, and caused his immediate death. Another gentleman of respectability was severely wounded, and the rest of the bullets passed through the hats of the other members of the committee.

The towns-people immediately assembled, broke open the house, seized five men, the only inmates, dragged them to the public square, and HANGED them INSTANTLY!!! They posted sentries, and gave notice that any person who approached them for 24 hours would be served likewise. All the money, which was of a large amount, was piled upon a table before the suspended bodies, and the committee paid it away to all who could prove they had lost money at the house. About twelve or fifteen persons in connexion with the house, started for this city in haste to avoid a similar fate.

These are the particulars as we have heard them—we shall make no comments upon so dreadful an occurrence, hoping the account has been exaggerated.

Since the above was in type we have heard that Dr. Bodley was murdered in the gaming house, after having won a considerable sum of money at the table, which was the original cause of this execution of summary justice, or Lynch law as it is called. The persons executed were, Mr. North, who kept a tavern, Dutch Bill, his bar-keeper, Mr. Samuel Smith, Mr. Callum and Mr. M'Coll.

From the Natchez Courier, July 10.

A gentleman from above brings us the following news while at Spring Hill on the 6th, from 15 to 20 gentlemen rode up from Madison county. They stated that they had hung at Livingston several negroes, and two white men, Cotton and Saunders, both steam doctors, and occasionally preachers. They had obtained from Cotton a list of about fifty white men, who were concerned in the conspiracy to excite the negroes to rebellion, 14 of whom they had already caught, and had them in chains at Vernon and Livingston. They had but a few minutes previous caught another named Rawson, and said they were near four others that they meant to have before morning. The next morning our informant went to Squire Sharkey's, where a number had assembled. Squire S. said that the Madison men should not take the prisoners out of the county—a disagreement won the result; and they were discharged. Thus some company caught and confined a man by the name of Blackmon.

Having reached Vicksburg, our informant inquired the particulars respecting the affair there, and was informed that that city had been a rendezvous for gamblers, murderers and swindlers, who had hitherto bid defiance to the law, and decent citizens. Since the alarm of an intended insurrection, well grounded suspicion has rested on many white men, as instigators and originators of the plot, and the gamblers, itinerant preachers, steam doctors, and clock peddlers were generally considered the guilty leaders. Some of the negroes when first apprehended implicated them, and the two white men hung at Livingston made similar confessions. The citizens of Vicksburg formed an anti-gambler's society on the 4th, and at night Lynched one of the fraternity. The next morning they gave public notice, that all gamblers must leave the town in twenty-four hours.

That night another was Lynched. The next morning the citizens understood that a noted gambler, named North had defied them, barricaded his house and had employed several of his fellows to guard him, his house, and themselves. The volunteers were immediately assembled, and the citizens *en masse* united, marched to the residence of North and demanded admittance, and an unconditional surrender of inmates. They were refused, and told that those within could protect themselves. The front door was forced, the occupants fired, and Dr. H. S. Bodley a gentleman of great worth, was instantly killed. This unexpected reception aroused the citizens to madness and desperation. A rush was made and the gamblers were secured, four in number. North and a notorious confederate not being found in the house, one of the most worthless of the four informed where they were to be found, and they soon were secured. The miserable informer was released and ordered off immediately, and the other five were marched to the common gallows and hung.

While at Vicksburg, a party came in from Madison, after a fellow by the name of Blake; Capt. Doyle, one of the party, stated that after our informant had left Madison, *four more white men had been hung!* A number were in confinement and would be hung.

Hiram Perkins, of Madison, was shot from a house opposite Shumeways, near Queen's Hills, in Hindes county, by a gang of confederates; they were on the march to take the guilty. Capt. Doyle, with a party of volunteers from Vicksburg, left on the 8th, with Blake in irons.

Mr. Dixon arrived at Vicksburg on the evening of the 8th, and stated that Perkins was alive and could not survive, and that another of the party, Mr Hedge, was slightly shot. More had been hung in Madison, but how many could not be ascertained. About twenty had certainly been apprehended.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Clinton, Mississippi, to a gentleman in Lynchburg, Va. dated the 5th of July, 1835.

"Our community is in a state of excitement, on the subject of an insurrection of the slaves. It seems probable that they contemplated it pretty generally, and that last night was the time fixed on for the purpose. In Madison county, they have hung two white men (both steam doctors,) and seven negroes at least. About Livingston, the excitement was greater. The summary justice, however, of Mississippians, has probably quited the spirit for years. Acting on the principle of "*salus populi suprema est lex*," the good people of that places and its vicinity appointed a committee to pass on the guet or innocence of the accused, and they acted accordingly. The two whites were pronounced guilty on yesterday, and after sentence was announced, an hour was allowed them for preparation, when they were swung off. One of them, under the gallows, acknowledged the justice of his fate, and stated that the plan was for a general rising that night, from Beattie's Bluff in Madison, to Natchez; that the discovery there would probably defeat it as to this part of the State, but that there would be a rising that night so sure as the night should come, &c.—The whites appear to have been at the head of it, and with the foolish hope of getting and carrying off plunder.

"We have heard nothing further this morning.—The Postmaster at Livingston sent notice to this place, so soon as there was a surmise of the apprehended agitation among the slaves, and it is possible it may be suppressed over the State. We are, however, uneasy here about the large plantations below; a day or two will remove or confirm those fears. Other white persons and slaves were under examination (or trial) before the court, at Livingston, last evening. We have not yet heard their fate.

July Frost in North Carolina.—It is stated in the Greenville, S. C. Mountaineer, that the ground in Buncombe County N. C. was fairly white with frost on the second day of this month.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Riots.—Several affrays took place in different sections of the city on Sunday last. One fight occurred in Water street near Race, between a number of Irish labourers and half grown boys of the neighborhood. Another affray took place on the Schuylkill between a number of boatmen and labourers. It is to be regretted that there is neither Magistrate nor officer in that vicinity, as disorders of this kind are of frequent occurrence.

Nelly Parrish, an aged colored woman was found dead in her room in Fourth street, near Carpenter, Southwark, on Saturday. She had apparently been sitting in her chair leaning herself when she died. The chair was found upset, and the old woman lying on the floor, with the tea in her hand.

The body of an unknown man was found floating in the Delaware, near Gloucester Point, on Saturday last. He appeared to have been about thirty years of age, five feet seven inches high, with sandy hair. He had on a cotton roundabout black worsted vest, West End pantaloons, and new laced, boots with nails driven all round the soles. There was nothing found in his pocket except ninety cents in change.

Jane Smith, aged 35 years, committed suicide by hanging herself with a wheel band, to the bed-post, on Monday afternoon, at her house in Thirteenth street, near Fitzwater; her husband had left her, with one child, which is the only cause that could be given for the rash act.

A lad about fifteen years of age, residing in Plum street, had both his legs broken below the knees, on Sunday last, in Willing's alley, by the falling of a stove plate, while he was playing with it. The plate was placed against the fence, and he was trying to make it stand alone, when it fell and caught him. Dr. Meigs happened to be in the immediate vicinity, with his gig; he took the little fellow in and conveyed him home.

During the week ending the 17th, 5,187 tons 7 cwt of Coal, 249 tons of Lime, and 1456 tons Limestone passed the Fair Mount Locks; and during the week ending the 24th, 10,736 tons of Coal, 249 do lime and 1109 do Limestone.

LEHIGH COAL TRADE.—Despatched from Mauch Chunk during the week ending the 24th ultimo, 120 boats, carrying 1149 tons 13 cwt. Former report, 1517 boats carrying 48,576 tons—cwt. Total this season 1647 boats, carrying 52,175 tons 13 cwt.

George Valentine, a little boy aged 5, son of Mr. Valentine, of Bellefonte, Pa. was on Wednesday last accidentally caught, while playing, between the cylinders of a rolling mill in that town, and so dreadfully lacerated that he died in a few hours after.

The slave who was reclaimed in Albany a few days since, and put on board the steamboat on Sunday, at New Baltimore, attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat, but the instrument used was too dull to enable him to effect his purpose.

The last number of the Rail Road Journal contains an article, taken from the London Mechanics' Magazine, descriptive of an invention, the object of which is to arrest, instantaneously, a car ascending or descending an inclined plain, in case the cable or chain should break.

To Prevent Musquetoes.—Attach a piece of flannel or sponge to a thread made fast to the top of the bedstead, wet the flannel or sponge with camphorated spirits, and the musquetoes will leave the room.

One of the newspapers has a fresh Hibernianism.—An Irishman was asked lately if they had any Sunday schools in his country. "To be sure they have," says Pat, "abundance of them—they have Sunday schools *every day of the week*."

The Frankfort Journal of the 1st of June states that the celebrated pedestrian Menzon Ernst has undertaken to perform a journey to Madras on foot in 65 days, through Vienna, Hungary, Constantinople, Tartary, and Calcutta. He takes only four hours a day for rest, is extremely temperate and drinks no wine.

The cloth factory at Haverhill, Mass. was partially consumed by fire last Saturday. Loss, $1,500 to $2,000.

The official valuation of real estate in Philadelphia, up to July 1st, $115,040,967. In New York, the valuation for 1834, was $123,294,280.

The Banking House and lot of the United States Branch Bank at Buffalo, N. Y. has been sold for $30,000.

Coincidence.—If White or Webster should be elected the next President, the initial letters of the eight Presidents of the United States will be only four. Two W's, two J's, two A's and two M's.

Hiram Brink, of Broome county, N. Y. State has been sentenced to six months imprisonment and $25 fine, for breaking the back bone of an ox, whereby the animal was killed.

The Board of Managers of the American Colonization Society have "Resolved, That the next settlement which may be formed by the American Colonization Society, on the coast of Africa, shall be called "MARSHALL."

By the steamboats Mogul and Compromise, which arrived Monday morning, we are informed that several flatboats have been passed on the river, full of the banished residents of Vicksburg and of "Natchez, Under the Hill"—both men and women. Let our authorities be on the look out for them.

——— is contemplated at New Orleans, ——— measures which may be recommended to the Municipal Authorities and Citizens generally, in relation to the persons who have been expelled from Mississippi, and whose arrival was momentarily expected. It may indeed be said there is no rest for the wicked. The American of the 14th, says:—"We are credibly informed that several of the professional gamblers lately chased from Vicksburg and Natchez, have arrived in this city.

John Randolph's Will.—We learn from the last Richmond Whig, that the predictions of that paper have been verified. The Court has established the will made in 1832, and of course abrogated the one made several years before, by which the slaves of the Testator were to be emancipated. Six of the Judges were for establishing the last instrument and five for setting it aside. An appeal, however, was taken from the decision.

Flour is selling at Chicago, (Ill.) for $16 and $20 per barrel.

A society has been recently established in London, the object of which is to assist the struggling and industrious by small loans, without interest. It is called "The Benevolent Loan Society," and is under the patronage of the Bishop of London. The genuine philanthropy of such an institution cannot be too highly appreciated.

Burning of a Gaol.—The Wheeling Times states that the gaol at Waynesburg, Pa. was destroyed by fire on the 9th ult. Only two persons were confined in the gaol, and they were removed upon the discovery of the fire. One of them is suspected of having set fire to the building.

The harbor of Erie (Lake Erie) has been found to be in every part from 10 to 20 feet depth, amply sufficient therefore, for all classes of steamers.

There has been collected in N. York and vicinity, in aid of the New Brunswick sufferers by the late tornado, $1889.

The stock in the Rail Road from Portsmouth to Massachusetts line is entirely taken up. The anxiety to obtain stock was so great that the Committee were induced to increase the capital stock *fifty thousand dollars* beyond what was contemplated by the meeting on the 14th ult.

The late breach of promise case, in New York, was a God-send to the Transcript of that city—the publishers sold 50,000 extra copies of their paper, containing the Report of the Trial, and 20,000 copies of the Report, pointed in a pamph

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1835.

ASHES			Sugar-house,	47	49
Pot,	4 12½		do. N. York,	49	50
Pearl,	4 75	4 80	do. Philad.	43	48
BUTTER			do. Steam,	46	50
Tub,	16		Trinidad,	32	35
Extra No. 1	12	13½	Porto Rico,	31	34
No. 1			English Francb lu	29	31
No. 2	8	9	Hav. & Matanzas,	29	31
COAL			MACKEREL		
Lehigh,	ton	4 50 4 75	No. 1,	bbl	2 50
Schuylkill,		4 50 4 75	No. 2,		2 00 2 12½
COFFEE, Duty		free	No. 3,		4 50 4 75
Java,		14	OIL		
St. Domingo,		11½ 12	Linseed, Am. raw,		
Porto Rico,		12	do.		1 25
Cuba,		11½ 12½	do. boiled,		1 25
Laguira,		12½	Whale,	gal.	45
Rio,		12½ 13½	Sperm, winter,		95 1 00
COTTON, Duty 3 cts per lb.			do. summer,		90
Louisiana,		14 22	PLASTER PARIS		
Mobile,		18 21	In Delaware,	ton	2 50
N. Ala. and Ten.			In Hudson,		2 50
S. C. and Geo.		18 23	SEEDS		
N. C. and Va.		18 21	Clover,	bush	3 50 4 37½
FREIGHTS			Flaxseed, rough,		1 85 1 90
To Pittsburg, per canal,		100 lbs 1 12½ 3 00	Timothy,	bbls 1 50	2 75
FLOUR and MEAL			Herds,	bush	
Superfine,	bbl	6 62½ 6 75	Orchard grass,		2 00 2 12½
Fine,		6 37½ 6 50	Red clover,		
Rye,		4 75	Ryegrass,		38 38½
Middling,		4 25	Blue grass,		35½
Corn meal,		4 12½	do. from wagons		34
		in bbls. 13 00	WOOL, Spanish,		
GRAIN			Prime, Saxony fleece,		
Rye Pennsylv.		1 00		lb.	60 70
Rye, Southern,		97 98	Am. wash, full'd,	do	50 60
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 37	do. full blood,		47 48
do. South. bush.		1 32 1 35	do. three blood,		40 45
Corn, L. C. white,		94	do. and com.		35 38
do L. C. yellow,		98	Am. unwash. full bl'd		32
do. U. C. round,		96	do. three blood,		28 30
Oats, Connecte.		95 97	do. blood,		24 25
Southern,		52 53	do. and com.		16 20
Barley, Eastern,			Pulled lambs,		50 55
do. Penna'n,		40 41	No. 1, do.		42 45
HOPS			No. 2, do.		30 35
Intended 1836,	lbs	15 16	No. 3, do.		20 25
MOLASSES			do. shoep'd,	R. F. & B.	
New Orleans,		33 37	do. lambs,		75

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, August 1, 1835.

RED ROW.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of Tuesday last, says—"This celebrated haunt of coloured people, and scene of the recent riots, is now in ruins. It was burnt to the ground, before daylight on Monday morning. All the houses were occupied by black persons, and were built of frame. The whole mass was soon destroyed. The conflagration was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.—This splendid panoramic spectacle is exhibited every evening at the American Museum, corner of Chesnut and Fifth streets, to crowded and delighted audiences. The fated city is at first represented by daylight—differing in this respect from *Macbeth's*—and with the sun gleaming upon her *almost innumerable steeples, and domes*, and palaces, the effect is truly magnificent. Next, the city is wrapt in darkness, and the Russian incendiaries are seen by the light of their torches, hurrying through the streets. At length a small flame is observed which gradually increases until the conflagration is complete. Meanwhile, we behold the falling of steeples and houses, and hear the tolling of the church bells, the firing of distant cannon, and the shrill music of Napoleon's troops, until the curtain falls, and closes the magnificient spectacle.

Captain Read of the navy, who was tried by a court martial for inhumanly tricing Midshipman Wilson to the mast head of the Constellation, has been found guilty, and sentenced to one year's suspension from duty in the *Navy of the United States*. This is as it should be; the officers of our navy shou'd be taught that tyranny and oppression is no part of their creed.

THE FASHIONABLE HATS AGAIN.—We are glad to perceive, since our article upon this subject in the last number of the Post, that the fashionable, low crowned black hats, manufactured by Colonel Thomas B. Florence at 43 south Third street, are becoming all the rage. By the way, we can assure the Colonel that we feel highly gratified to find that we have been at all instrumental in *restoring something like taste among* our fashionable bucks in the selection of their hats.—For once they have hit the nail on the head, and we hope they will fully appreciate our valuable remarks —especially, as we ask nothing but gratitude.

The Journeymen saddle and harness makers of this city, are out upon a strike, and have published their correspondence with the employers in the daily papers. They go upon the principle that "the majority must govern," and as the employers are the minority they have no right to make terms. The employers very humbly solicit them to postpone their determination till next week, by which time they will have adopted a liberal scale of prices which will be satisfactory to all parties, and request that the committees from both parties may have a conference. The following is the conclusive reply of the ruling party.

PHILADELPHIA, July 21st, 1835.

Gentlemen—We are respectfully requested to say, we laid your last communication before the Society, which was ordered to be laid on the table, to be the order of business, this day one year, if necessary; we are also ordered to say that no other bill can be received, nor any communication held on that subject, until our bill of prices is acknowledged.

On behalf of the Committee of bill of prices,

THOS. ESHERICK, Chairman.

To the Committee of Employers

JOHN PORTER, Jr. Sec. of S. Soc.

"The workingmen of this country do not appear to be aware that the employers, if they choose to do so, can in 60 or 90 days at any time, import from Europe any required quantity of hands in all the mechanical branches—good workmen, who would be delighted with the opportunity of emigrating to this country and to work at less than the present usual wages.

Matthias and his Impostures.—In reference to this work, Colonel Stone of the New York Commercial Advertiser, says—

"Perhaps we may be excused for showing so much interest in the favorable reception given to this volume by the public, as to state that a *third* edition has gone to press."

The Colonel is perfectly excusable. He should not have supposed, however, that there was any body hard-hearted enough to interfere with his glory in a matter of such vital importance. By the way, the Colonel has no doubt been reading Lord Byron, and discovered that

"Glory's a great thing!"

Success, however, to his literary enterprise. "Matthias and his Impostures" is evidently an improvement upon "*Tales and Sketches—such as they are.*" The Colonel being only about sixty years of age, there is yet some hope of his being ultimately proclaimed an *American* Walter Scott, of which, at present, there are only about threescore and ten. In the meantime, it might not be amiss to manufacture an *American* Boswell out of his man *John*—there being plenty of the raw material.

Cholera.—The Columbian Observer, published in Tennessee, says that this disease now prevails at Nashville, Franklin, Murfreesboro' Clarksville, and in some parts of Bedford, Smith and Stewart counties in that state. At Nashville and Murfreesboro', it is said to be abating.

Musquetoes.—The editor of a southern paper has furnished his readers with a receipt "*To prevent Musquetoes,*" as he phrases it, but whether from biting or jumping down your throat, he does not exactly inform them. It is as follows:—

"Attach a piece of Flannel or sponge to a thread made fast to the top of the bedstead, wet the flannel or sponge with camphorated spirits, and the Musquetoes will leave the room."

We should like to know whether the remedy would be less efficacious, if the flannel or sponge were tied to the back of a chair. If not, we should forthwith make a trip to Cape Island. They say that at present, the musquetoes there average but about fifty to the square inch; but with the help of the *flannel*, and *bed-post* and *camphorated spirits*, one might manage to get along comfortably enough.

The Delaware Gazette and Watchman, in speaking of Miss Mary Duff, who is now performing at the Wilmington Theatre, says—

"She possesses talent of the highest order, and is destined at no distant period to become a star of the very first magnitude. The daughter of two of the first and most popular performers on the American stage, we hazard the prediction, that she will not only maintain, but greatly elevate the name and reputation of her family. As Bianca and Therese, her representations are not inferior to any thing we have seen. She is yet young and has had a very limited experience in her profession. It is only singular that she has been able so soon to establish so elevated and decided a reputation as a performer."

GENIUS.

The editor of the National *Gazette*, in noticing Barry Cornwall's life of Kean, holds the following remarkable language.

"The genius of an actor is necessarily of an inferior kind. It is not original or creative in any sense."

All hail *Macbeth!* How long has it been since the editor made this discovery? What fatality is there about the profession of an actor, that *necessarily* renders his genius of an inferior kind? Who was it that started forth from comparative obscurity, and literally rescued the English drama from its previous degradation? Who was it, that, by her astonishing powers as an actress, made her coughs after by royalty itself, and gave a popularity to the plays of Shakspeare which they never before enjoyed? The answer will be—Garrick and Mrs. Siddons. And did they not individually possess genius of the highest order? What was it but genius that enabled them so faithfully to delineate the characters which they represented, and to embody all the feelings and passions which properly belong to them? Where indeed, do we obtain our knowledge of the legitimate drama? Is it in the closet, or are we not almost exclusively indebted to the stage? We may set down to the perusal of a play, and fancy that we have made ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the characters, but when we subsequently witness its representation upon the stage, we are surprised to find that so many of the exquisite beauties and conceptions of the author, have hitherto escaped our notice. And all this we owe to the genius of the actor; for *without* genius, he would be unable to conceive or execute. Thus it has been with the biographer of Kean, whom the editor of the Gazette compliments so highly for his criticisms upon those characters of Shakspeare which Kean delighted to personate. It was, indeed, the vigorous and powerful conceptions of the great Tragedian himself, which enabled the poet to succeed so admirably in his task. In a word Mr. Kean stood foremost in his mind's eye, when he drew his admirable picture of the jealous and love-distracted *Moor*—the terror-stricken and half repentant *Macbeth*—or the more aspiring and blood-thirsty *Richard*. Why then should it be said that *the genius* of an actor is *necessarily* of an inferior kind? or, why should the mere biographer receive such unqualified praise for simply putting down on paper the conceptions of another? We pause for a reply!

Last Poetry of Mrs. Hemans.—The Dublin University Magazine says the following were the last verses ever dictated by Mrs. Hemans. They were sent to the editor a few days previous to her death, and are entitled "The Poetry of the Psalms."

Nobly thy song, O minstrel, rushed to meet
Th' eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him, as a mantle cast,
And cherubim to wait his flying seat,
Amidst the hills, that smoked beneath his feet,
With trumpet voice thy spirit called aloud,
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
And the bent cedars, and the burning cloud.
But far more gloriously to earth made known
By that high strain, than by the thunder's roar,
Than flashing torrents, or the ocean roll;
Jehovah spoke through the inbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire
With the deep worship of a living soul.

Dublin, April, 1835.

Now or Never.—We always find something to laugh at in the New York Evening Star. Take the following for a sample. It is a touch, no doubt, at George G. Barnard, (we like to give the name in full) of *gold* memory, whose recent law triumph, has made poor Wiseacre very prudently "look, before he leaps."

Notice, to all whom it may concern.—The subscriber being about to enter into matrimonial engagements with Miss Smith of this city, considers it an act of prudence due to himself, to endeavour previous to the finale of that interesting event, to ascertain the amount of liability he may thereby incur, as Miss Smith from her weighty and substantial attractions, has for some years past been considered "a desirable investment for the time and attention of speculators."

He, therefore, earnestly requests all those rejected young gentlemen, who *may have legal claims* against Miss Smith for loss of time—crushed hopes—postage and stationary—blighted affections, and all other *reasonable* items and charges, which may have arisen in the course of an unsuccessful wooing, to present them *forthwith for settlement*—properly attested under oath or affirmation, when he will apply as much balsam to their wounded feelings as one or two thousand dollars will furnish.

All communications to the address of the subscriber, through either the Post or Star office, will be promptly attended to, and considered *strictly confidential*—But, if any of the aforesaid gentlemen speculators wish for so very enviable a notoriety, the subscriber is so anxious to make every reparation in his power for their irreparable loss; that he will at his own expense publish to the world their "tale of woe."

WILLIAM WISEACRE,
No. 3 Bachelor's Terrace Modern Lane.

[One of the following letters from our friend B. Matthias should have appeared last week. It unfortunately came to hand too late for insertion.]

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

ALBANY, July 16, 1835.

Eight hours to New York, and 12 to Albany.—Twenty hours from Philadelphia to Albany, a distance of 250 miles! Such is the result of Fulton's inventive genius, and such the amazing facility of travelling, in these days of steamers, rail-ways and locomotives!

Our ride from Philadelphia to New York was rather unpleasant, owing to the heat of the sun, but we were favoured with a very refreshing breeze when we reached the Raritan. I have never travelled from Philadelphia to New York, without enjoying a high degree of satisfaction on reaching the New York boat, and I attribute the fact in a great measure, to the difference in the character and deportment of the captains of the respective boats. Those on the Delaware are unquestionably gentlemen of skill and experience in their business, but they lack that affability and attention to their customers which distinguish the captains eastward. Travellers, I know, are apt to be exacting, and sometimes, perhaps, a little troublesome, and it is not every man that has a sufficient quantity of Job's virtue, even to be ordinarily civil when so pestered. I deem this to be the case in reference to the commanders of our Delaware steamboats, and I cite the *the circumstance, not with a view of entering a complaint, but merely to show that, in despite of the "march of improvement" and the onward progress of refinement there is still a good deal of the leaven of human nature among us.* Why should steamboat captains be exceptional? And yet there are exceptions, and if it will not be considered invidious, I would name Capt. De Groot, of the Ohio, and Capt. Whilden of the Emerald, as being fully equal in gentlemanly politeness and attention, to any steamboat captains I have ever met in my travels. This much in justice to my native city.

On board the Independence, at Amboy, we found Gov. Wolf and suite, just arrived from Easton, on their way to Saratoga. They and we took lodgings at the American, a fine establishment and well conducted, but rather too crowded for comfort. All the hotels of New York, are, however, full to overflowing, at this time, in consequence of a great influx of strangers, progressing to the Springs, the Lakes and Falls of Niagara. On Wednesday we had the pleasure of accompanying Gov. Wolf and suite to the U. S. frigate Constitution, now lying off the Battery. We were taken on board in a large barge, manned with fourteen oarsmen, and the Governor was received by Commodore Elliot, in full military dress, and in honor of the suite, a salute of 17 guns was fired. The marines were drawn up on deck, and the yards of the ship were manned by the sailors, presenting a most imposing and interesting appearance. The effect of the guns upon my inexperienced ears, was powerful, but after the third or fourth discharge, the loud report reverberating over the water, was by no means unpleasant. The Constitution is in excellent order, and the hands appear to be well disciplined. Elliot is a jolly old tar, with an open, good humoured countenance, that bode us a hearty welcome, and made us at once feel perfectly at home. By the way, the Commodore remarked that the word "Pennsylvania" on a gentleman's card, was, at all times, a ready passport to his ship, both with himself and his officers. He considers himself a Pennsylvanian, having resided many years in that state, and cherishes warmly her people and her institutions. I like the Commodore for this trait in his character. Gov. Wolf appeared to be delighted with the visit, and we all left the Constitution highly gratified that we could claim so noble a vessel, and one that has already "done the country some service," as belonging to the land of our nativity.

In the afternoon we rode down to the establishment of the Harpers, and passed through the various rooms of their printing, stereotype, and publishing offices.—The amount of their business is immense, and yet every thing is well arranged, and skilfully managed.—They are enterprizing young men, and richly merit success. Among the new works now in press, is a novel entitled *Paul Ulric*, from the pen of Morris Mattson, Esq. of your city. The Harpers deem it a highly creditable work, and well calculated to establish the reputation of its young author.

A Frenchman, named Pelme, has lately opened on Broadway a house of refreshment, which he calls "Cafe de la Independence." It is magnificently furnished, and far exceeds in splendour, any thing of the kind in Philadelphia. I asked him if he used gas for his lights. He replied, "yes sare—gas in de parlour —gas in de kitchen—gas in de garret—gas all over de house—be Gar." His parlour looks like a scene of enchantment.

The passage up the Hudson is as delightful as ever, and the rich scenery has lost none of its attractions. Foreigners speak of the Rhine, as far eclipsing all other rivers in the world, but I don't believe a word of it. We Americans are much too modest in reference to the natural beauties of our own country, especially as we have so many spots within our boundaries, that are eminently deserving of notice. I was delighted the other day, in reading an article on American Literature, in a New England Magazine. The writer, in a few pithy sentences, commenced with this declaration—"Washington Irving is the greatest prose writer now living; we challenge our friends across the water to name his superior." This is unquestionably taken high ground, but I conscientiously believe that it can be sustained. We are beginning to gain some confidence in the character of our literature, and we shall soon humble the pride of our English rivals. We ought to pursue the same course in reference to other matters, particularly to that of American scenery, and I think we may safely challenge the world to produce any thing superior to many delightful places in New York in point of scenery. But of this, more hereafter.

You are, no doubt, familiar with the scenes of confusion which daily attend the arrival of steamboats at New York, in consequence of the rush of porters and hackmen for baggage, &c., but if you have never landed at Albany, you are scarcely qualified to give a definition of the word *Bedlam*. Those Albany chaps are the most insolent fellows I ever met with, and occasion tumults and disorder that are absolutely frightful. Three or four will seize you at the instant, and din in your ears—"Here a hack, sir"—"baggage for the American"—"baggage for the Temperance house" —"baggage for the Mansion House, &c.," until you are absolutely unable to tell whether you stand on your feet or your head, or whether you have been metamorphosed into a hack or a hotel. The best way to treat them is to knock one or two down, as I saw a gentleman from Philadelphia do yesterday. The porter had seized his trunk, and was carrying it off, when the gentleman tapped him under the ear. He was very civil afterwards. The wharf at Albany is very narrow, and so blocked up with stages, hacks, cars, &c., that you run the risk of spoiling your clothes, by attempting to pass through. A carman yesterday, in driving through the crowd at a rapid pace, knocked down a citizen. "Why the devil don't you take care" —he cried out, after he had committed the mischief—"are you deaf?"

Congress Hall, at Albany, is the principal hotel, and it richly merits the high character it has obtained in late years. Landon, the proprietor, is a capital good fellow, well acquainted with his business, and unusually polite and agreeable. His house is so well regulated, his dinners so capital, and his servants so attentive, that you forget you are in a hotel, while under his roof.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 18.—The rail-way between Albany and the Springs being now completed, the distance, 36 miles, is accomplished in 2½ hours. The ride is pleasant, and you cross the Mohawk river at Schenectady, a fine view of which can be obtained from the cars. All the houses at the Springs are well filled, but the number of Philadelphians here is small. Many of the visitors are from the South, and a lady from Florida, not very pretty, but highly accomplished, elicits general admiration from both old and young. If you want to understand grace, ease, and the poetry of motion, you should see her dance.

The people here, drink like fishes. What do you think of a beautiful young lady swallowing 21 tumblers of water before breakfast—and yet, some people say that that is the minimum number. The maximum is probably a hogshead! The waters possess valuable medical qualities, and that obtained from the Congress Spring is by no means disagreeable to the taste. The Spring is resorted to at all hours of the day, but the greatest quantity is drawn in the morning before breakfast. Saratoga is very fashionable this season, and no wonder, for it is a most fascinating place. Visitors amuse themselves during the day in riding, fishing, sailing, &c., and in the evening there is generally a ball at one of the houses.

Saratoga lake, about six miles distant, is a very pretty place of resort, for a morning's excursion. A house has been erected in the stream, from which ladies throw their fishing lines into the water. A man is always in attendance to bait the hook, and take off the prize, so that the *fisher* has nothing to do but hold the line—a very simple operation, truly. There is a good house on the lake shore, at which boarders are received. The lake extends about nine miles in length, and in some places is three miles in breadth. It is a beautiful sheet of water, and the shores, which descend with a gentle slope to the margin, are rich in romantic scenery.

A heavy business is done at the Springs in bottling water for New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. Several hands are constantly engaged in putting the water up for transportation, and it meets a ready sale. In New York it is sold for two shillings per bottle, a most extravagant price, by the by, considering the facility of conveying the article to that city.

LAKE ONTARIO, OFF LONG POINT, UPPER CANADA, JULY 22d 1835.

My last letter, if I remember right, was written on the Erie Canal, near Canajoharie, on my way to Utica, which I reached on Monday morning. You may, perhaps, feel but little interest in a detail of my progress from place to place, but should you ever travel this route to Niagara, the information it is in my power to give you, may be of much service. If travellers generally would pursue the plan of speaking of their journey and mentioning the best routes, those who follow them would be greatly benefitted, by being informed of the most convenient and agreeable inns, and being put on their guard against the impositions which are always attempted to be practised upon them.

At Utica our party procured a stage, and made an excursion to Trenton, or West Canada Falls, about 14 miles distant. These Falls are on the West Canada Creek, a hunting stream, which flows into, and constitute a principal tributary of the Mohawk river. At this place the stream has cut a frightful chasm, through an immense chain of rocks, and glides down with great force and velocity. There are altogether four cataracts, located within a distance of a mile and a quarter, the first of which is about forty feet high, and the next quarter about 35 feet. All of them have their peculiar distinguishing marks, and of course, it would be in vain for me to attempt to give any description of these cataracts, in a brief letter, but I may be permitted to say that the impression made on my mind was of the most delightful character. The immense rocks on each side of the stream, extending to the height in some places of 150 feet, and at times projecting over the water, the thick and almost impervious foliage on the banks, the falling of the heavy sheet of water over rocks, forming below like a boiling cauldron, and sending its white spray towards the heavens, altogether from a scene at once impressive, grand and magnificent. A feeling of awe and sublimity is awakened in the mind, and the traveller who can appreciate such sublime works of nature, must bow in adoration to the Great Power that has formed them.

Besides the Falls there are other objects of curiosity at this place, sufficient to induce the traveller to tarry from his course, in order to visit them. Among these are the peculiar formation of the rocks in the vicinity, being composed of layers of a dark lime stone, laid in such regular symmetry, as at first sight to induce the impression that they are the work of art rather than of nature—natural dropping walls, similar to shower baths, and petrified marine shells, and animals of an antediluvian date. Several of the latter were shown us at the refreshment house at the Falls. There are also beautiful crystals found here, quantities of which will be shown the visitor on the banks. Being limited as to time, our stay at the Falls, was only for a few hours.

From Utica we took a packet boat on the Canal at Syracuse, about 60 miles further west. From this point we should have proceeded on to Rochester, but from the fact that the Boat (the Pilot, Capt. Codey,) was an extremely unpleasant one, and the hands, from the highest to the lowest, surly and disagreeable. I have made it a rule, in all my travels, never to journey with a disobliging captain, if I could avoid it, and I have often been subjected to great inconvenience, rather than submit to imposition. I believe this is a good rule, and though I am aware that no travelles should expect on a journey, the comforts and conveniences which he finds in his own domicil, yet I am equally aware that common civility is a courtesy due to every well behaved passenger, and when that is withheld, I for one will suffer any inconvenience rather than continue in such a situation, when it is in my power to effect a change. On board the Pilot, there was a very large number of passengers, and the boat being small, it was almost impossible to turn, without coming in contact with some of them. At night we were lodged in berths, three deep, one above the other, perhaps 18 inches or two feet apart. The weather was damp and rainy, so that we were obliged to close the windows, and you may imagine the effect produced in the pent up apartment, thirty or forty persons breathing the same atmosphere. Added to this, musquetoes, and insects appertaining peculiarly to low bedding, annoyed us exceedingly, so that sleeping was out of the question.

At Syracuse, we resolved to abandon the regular route to the Falls, and proceed by Canal to Oswego, on Lake Ontario, where we were told that we should meet a steamboat to take us directly to Lewis-town. We journeyed on board the Walk-in-the-Water, Capt. Stewart, and after a delightful passage of about eight hours, the distance being 38 miles, reached Oswego, passing through the village of Salina, where immense quantities of salt are manufactured. There are twenty-two locks on this canal, which is constructed along the Onondago river, and into which it occasionally diverges, for the ride is at all times a pleasant one. At Salina, there are three or four locks, and during the time the boat is passing through them, the traveller is enabled to visit the salt works, and observe the process of converting salt water into pure salt. Of course we improved this opportunity, and were well repaid. The Walk-in-the-Water, we found a very pleasant and convenient boat, and the Captain is one of the best fellows I ever came across in my life. Always polite, attentive and obliging, we found the time spent with him passing away almost imperceptibly, and when we left him at Oswego, it was with sincere regret that we could not retain his company during the whole of our journey. We could not avoid paying Stewart a compliment for his attentions to our comfort, but his modesty would only permit him to reply, "*Gentlemen you do me too much honour.*"

Travelling on Canals can be rendered extremely pleasant if you chance to meet a good boat such as the Walk-in-the-Water, and such a Captain as Stewart. These packet boats are steam boats in miniature, and like them are provided with a separate cabin for ladies and gentlemen, with moveable berths, which are hung up at night, on each side of the vessel, and stowed away during the day. If the mattresses and linen are clean, and the company is not too numerous, you may enjoy a very refreshing nap, and in addition to this satisfaction, of no small importance to weary travellers, you are enabled to progress by night as well as by day. You breakfast, dine and sup on board, and lose no time, except that necessarily consumed in passing through the locks. The average speed on the Erie Canal is about four miles an hour, including stoppages at the canals, and for relays of horses.

It was on Tuesday, about 4 P. M. that we reached Oswego, and from the assurances of Mr. Storm, the Canal boat agent at Utica, we expected to meet a steamboat at it, to take us to the Falls. In this, however, we were disappointed, no boat being expected until the succeeding day, and we were obliged to remain and trust to our own resources for amusement. Thanks to our host of the Wellard house, Mr. Spencer, we found it no difficult matter to find means of enjoyment. Oswego is a young but thriving borough, with a population of from five to six thousand souls. Most of the buildings are frame, but there are a number of stores, and several private residences, built of a more substantial material. Among the latter are some neat and beautiful edifices, that would do credit even to the architecture of Philadelphia. The inhabitants appear to cultivate a taste for flowers, plants, &c. as many have handsome gardens, in a flourishing condition.

Oswego is situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Onondago river, where an extensive ice breaker has been erected for the protection of the harbour in the winter and spring. It is a place of some importance, especially with reference to the carrying trade, and will eventually, there can be no doubt, become a place of vast importance. The streets are laid out at right angles, and the houses are scattered about on both sides of the river, so that the village covers an extensive a area as a large city. Having amused ourselves in walking and riding about the town, and noting every thing of importance, we made preparations for departure, and at 5 P. M. this evening—Wednesday—we took passage on board the steam-boat Great Britain, Capt. Whitney, for Niagara Falls. The number of cabin passengers is small, but the decks are crowded with Irish and Scotch emigrants, on their way to Toronto. Some of these have a cleanly and neat appearance, but most of them are filthy mortals, and entirely unacquainted with the decencies of social life.

The Great Britain is the largest and finest boat on the Lake, and is every way well adapted to Lake navigation. As I am writing in the gentlemen's cabin, the motion of her engines is scarcely perceptible, and yet her average speed is from 11 to 12 miles per hour. The gentleman's cabin is fitted up with state rooms, constructed with a view to comfort, and handsomely furnished. The ladies cabin, on the main deck, is fitted up in like manner. Every thing about the boat is neat and convenient, and we do not doubt that we shall have a pleasant time. Capt. Whitney is a most excellent commander and a polite, intelligent and attentive gentleman. He has won our affections already by his affability and kindness, and we feel rejoiced that we have had the good fortune to meet him and to travel in his boat.

12 o'clock midnight.—I have just returned from a visit to the upper deck. That as well as the main deck, is completely strewed over with emigrants, laying huddled up together, men, women and children, under their coarse covering. The night is by no means agreeable, and it is impossible to look upon these poor emigrants, without feeling pity for their hard fate. Exiled from their father land, by the hand of the oppressor, they seek a fortune in the western world, where the hardy and industrious workman rarely fails to be well rewarded for his labor.

The Pilot tells me, that the boat is now off the *Devil's nose*, and that there is a prospect that we shall have an unusually short passage. So far our trip has proved delightful. The Lake is as calm as the Delaware on a fine day, and the Great Britain glides over its bosom like a thing of life. My sheet is full, and I am reminded, by the perfect stillness which pervades in the boat, that it is time to retire. Adieu.

P. S. Permit me to recommend the *line*, as the very best the traveller can take to the Falls. It is the cheapest and most expeditious by more than 14 hours. The several stages are from Albany to Schenectady, by rail-road; thence to Syracuse by canal, thence by canal to Oswego, and thence by steam-boat to Lewistown, but a few miles from the Falls. In my next I shall speak more positive of the latter part of the route —so far I am delighted with the trip. On this route you avoid the fatigue of stage travelling, and by taking steamboat at Oswego, are enabled to progress with double your speed attained on the canal.

WANDERING PIPER.

We learn from the American Traveller, Boston, that Captain Stuart, the celebrated Wandering Piper, has arrived in Baltimore on his way to New York. During an absence of nearly a year from the New England States, he has visited all the principal cities and towns of the Southern and Western states; and was delighted with the cordial and warm hearted reception he every where met with. The following list of his donations to various Charitable Institutions in the cities and towns through which he passed, is furnished by the Traveller:

Petersburg, Va. $46 00; Fayetteville, N. C. 45 00; Camden, S. C. 15 00; Columbia, S. C. 60 00; Charleston, S. C. 75 00; Augusta, Geo. 20 00; Washington, Geo. 5 55; Mobile, 190 00; New Orleans, 119 00; Natchez, 45 00; Vicksburg, 20 00; Jackson, 25 00; Nashville, 88 00; Louisville, Ky. 119 25; Cincinnati, 30 00; Wheeling, 20 00.

CINCINNATI OF THE DRAMA.—Booth, the celebrated tragedian, and the only Representative of Shakspeare's heroes, is probably one of the most eccentric men of the present age.

On the occasion of the late benefit of Mr. Flynn, the enterprising stage manager of the Bowery theatre, Booth had engaged to appear in one of his favorite characters "for this night only," but through some inadvertency he had not been notified of the arrangement till but a very few days previous to its appointed time.

It was then too late to trust to the uncertainty of a communication by mail, and no resource was left but for Mr. Flynn to proceed to his residence and communicate the information in person.

Knowing that the "great man" had fixed his home somewhere in the vicinity of Baltimore, he directed

Arriving at Baltimore, he was after some inquiry informed that Mr. Booth was the owner of a snug little estate in Belle-Air, a small town a few miles distant from the city. After a ride of a few minutes, Mr. Flynn found himself in front of a neat retired little cottage, half concealed from the view of the passer by, by the surrounding trees and shrubbery, and which, with all around betokened the residence of some humble, contented "lord of the soil," of many years standing rather than that of an individual distinguished above all others in his profession, who had through life mingled with the busy world, received full oft the welcome plaudits of admiring thousands, and on whom fortune had showered her richest gifts with unsparing hands.

On inquiring "is Mr. Booth at home?" Flynn was answered that he was at work in a neighboring field. Despairing of ever finding the object of his search—the quest proceeded a short distance as directed, when he descried before him, a person of rather diminutive stature, (whom he took for a servant lad,) dressed in a coarse rustic suit of duck pantaloons, checked shirt, and round sailor's jacket, driving before him a team of horses, and "goading with rugged hands the plough" approaching the personage in the rear, and coming within *hail*, Flynn cryed out at the top of his breath,

"Halloo, boy! I say! Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Booth!

The Ploughman stooped his team, turned round, at the same time wiping the perspiration from his tawny brow, and assuming an *attitude*, replied,

"Boy! Booth! said you?"

The astonished comedian came to a halt, and while in doubt whether to extend the hand of friendship, or "adopt the better part of valor," the countenance of Booth suddenly lighted up with a smile of recognition, and

"Why, I say Tom! is it you?"

"Surely it is," said Flynn.

"Why where the d—l did you drop from," said the "King in disguise," grasping the hand of his friend.

"Last from New York."

"And tell me what brings you here at this time?"

"I came to inform you that my benefit——"

"Well, what then?"

"Why you promised to assist me on that occasion?"

"But my business at this time must surely prevent me—it presses upon me very hard."

"That may be, but we cannot do without you."

"Well, now I think—I dal promise; but the markets are very high—my hay will suffer much, and my clover will be spoiled," said Booth despairingly: "But come, when is it to be?"

"On Monday next," replied Flynn.

"Can we reach New York in season?"

"We can, if we lose no time."

Here the conversation turned into another channel, and leaving team and plough, they soon reached the mansion, where they were greeted by the sensible wife and blooming daughter of Booth. They snatched some hasty refreshments, and in an hour after the arrival of Flynn, the twain were on their way to New York.

Booth played the part of the "hump backed tyrant," *better than ever before*, and to an audience equal in number to any that had graced the Bowery on any former occasion, which may be inferred from the fact that the receipts of the same, added to those of a previous similar occasion, amounted to but little short of *twenty-three hundred dollars*. The next morning, Booth, despite the entreaties and liberal offers of Mr. Hamblin, to play during a short engagement, started off to resume his agricultural pursuits excusing himself with "his hay, his clover and his corn would all be lost, if he was not present at the harvesting of it." It may not be amiss to state that Booth refused any compensation for his trouble, and could not be prevailed upon to accept even his travelling expenses—a trait quite in unison with the frank, free and manly independence of his character, and the generosity and nobility of his soul.

It was on his journey homeward that Booth purchased the *two oxen nate*, and carried them before a learned phrenological lecturer, to learn the nature of some extraordinary developements, which his fancy had depicted on their surface, nor would he budge an inch till he had heard a long dissertation from the learned *Bumpologist*.

Such were the circumstances attending the last appearance of Louisa Junius Booth on any stage.—*Balt. Gaz.*

From the Pottsville Miners Journal July 25.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, a distressing accident occurred on the rail road in this place, which proved fatal to a couple of children. As a train of loaded cars were descending they espied the children who were on the rail road; the driver called out to them to make their escape, and endeavoured to arrest the progress of the cars by an application of the brake, but unfortunately did not succeed in doing this at the proper time for the safety of the children, over both of whom one of the cars passed, mangling them in a most shocking manner. The head of one of them was completely crushed, and several of the limbs of the other were broken, the former dying instantly, and the latter on the following day. We have seldom heard of a more appaling accident, but we are happy to say that no blame attaches to the driver, and that the fatal catastrophe is exclusively owing to a concurrence of unavoidable circumstances. We trust, however, that the utmost care and vigilance will henceforth be exercised to prevent children from frequenting the rail road, by parents residing in the vicinity of it, however difficult it may be to keep them from playing about it, as well as from all public highways where they must incur equal danger.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 25 Received from

T. C. Owen, Esq.	2 00	Jno. Stewart,	5 00
S Hemingway (nett)	1 50	E. P. Langdon,	147 87½
Charles F. Beckell,	20 00	*July 28.*	
George Minnick,	20 00	H. B. Gillespie,	4 00
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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A PINDARIC STORY.

An Indian once, who wore a Christian name,
And many a Christian truth had brought him,
Would often get (it was a piteous shame)
Drunk as the magistrate who taught him;
Who was a lawyer bold—and on a time,
Hearing that Wango had drank grog on Sunday,
He sent for him straightway on Monday,
To come and make atonement for the crime.
"Wretch!" did Lycurgus fiercely say,
"The church demands a *dollar* for your peace."
"Well," sighed the culprit, "I will pay—
But give me a *cirtificat* if you please."
"Certificate!" the lawyer sternly said;
"What will the fool do with the paper?"
Poor Wango scratch'd his oily head,
And bowing, said, "Like one poor vapor;
And when I die and to my rest would go,
Maybe Saint Peter tell me, 'No—
Such fell like you, away from here I send 'em,
You broke 'em Sunday once before you die!'"
"Ah, but," says I.
"I gib a *dollar* to, and so I mead 'em *cirtificat*!"
"Did you," he say, "where you *cirtificat* I"
"Le," say I, "mass Lawyer never write 'em!"
"Why, den, you fool," he tell me, "hole you prate,
——Go back and get 'em!"
Mad like Ole Harry, down again I come,
I find you dead, (now only are what trouble!)
I look for you, and 'fore I find you home,
I got for go quite to de *Debble!*"

EVIL OMEN.—Some people, even in very high quarters, it is said have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchener, the other day, happened to be one of a company of that number at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said "I admit that it is unlucky in one case." "What case is that?" "When there is dinner for twelve."

The following speech—(says the New Haven Herald)—was lately delivered in Church st:—"I wish there was'n a Bank in oblivion; d—n the things, they are the greatest curse that ever was curtailed upon the human race."

Selections from the Persian.—He who keeps his promise, escapes blame, and he who directs his heart to the calm resting place of integrity, will never stammer nor quake in the assemblies of his nation.

He who drives not invaders from his cistern with strong arms, will see it demolished, and he who abstains ever so much from injuring others will often himself be injured.

I have seen death herself stumble like a dim-sighted camel; but he who sin strikes, falls; and he, whom she misses, grows old even to decrepitude.

Half of a man is his tongue, and the other half in his heart; the rest is only an image composed of blood and flesh.

An old man never grows wise after his folly; but when a youth has acted foolishly, he may attain wisdom.

Secrets of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair can stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

PAY FOR YOUR PAPER.—If you do not pay—the *Editor* cannot pay—the publishers cannot pay—the printer cannot pay—the paper maker cannot pay—the men employed in the paper-mill cannot pay—the stationer cannot pay—the merchant will suffer loss—the tailor will be injured—the shoe-maker may fail—the butcher and market-man will be disappointed, etc. All these will be injured—their engagements will be broken—their credit will be lost—their characters will be tarnished—their feelings must be wounded—their families must suffer—their business will be ruined—the paper must cease—and community remain in ignorance for the want of it—and all because you would not PAY FOR YOUR PAPER.—*St. Louis Observer.*

ON DIT.—It is said that the most cutting thing to poor Orpheus, when he lost his beloved consort by her too great curiosity, was a punning devil coming up to him, as he stood drinking in silent misfortune and exclaiming, "Oh! you've *rid* I see!" (*Eurydice.*)

Decline of the Sea Songs of England.

"As I was goin' to tell ye—for the whole three years I served in that March-o'Mind-o'war I was tellin ye about,—I never hears as much as a sailor's song —a song as ye could call a regular built seaman's stave.'

'No Ned, you does'nt now often hear the staves as we used to sing in the war; you never now hears 'Will-ye-go-to-Cowein-bay-Billy-Bo-Billy-Bo!' nor the 'Sunny Arethusa,' nor the 'Bold Brunany.' 'Black colors under her mizen did fly,' 'From Urbant to Sicily in thirty-five leagues,' and many staves of like similar sort.'

'No no Sam, you're right enough—your March-o'-mind men must now come your sammy-dimmy quivering quivers—up ye soft sentimental touches—sigh away like ladies in love, as never sing nothin but your silly mickin stuff, as often to frighten the geese an make em cackle in the coop, for all the world like the comin of a heavy hurricane—moreover, your March-o'Mind-Men never will sing a single stave as admits of the same thing—for what's a song as won't admit of all hands to jine in regular coal-box? No no, your March-o'Mind men havent you nay dopted upon it, the mind o'men—they think far more like people as rigs in petticoats, and they as togs in trowsers. Now what looks more young laydish nor to see a fellow with a fist like a shoulder o'mutton flaging his flipper about and aiming his antics to his song, as he anivels out 'Strike, strike the light guitar?'

'What, Ned, comin what ye calls your forty-poney-fingers over a fellor?'

'Exactly—for all the world like one o'your Spanish ladies—one o'your Cadiz craft. Then agen we'd another chap too as big and bulky as a bullock—cass't off, and miscin it out like a lusk bordin school miss 'I'd be a butterfly born in a bower.'

"'In a bower-tier, I'spose Ned?"

'No, no—born in a bush."

'Well then, Sam, we'd another fellor as ood ave made you laugh more nor even big Benbuzzin' about in a bush—there was the captain o' the mizen top—a cap struck chap, as was all day long pestrin people about his dear Sue,' his 'fond Sue,' on his 'best o' wives.'—Well, that there chap as was all day long teazin and tormentin every man and boy abroad' bout his crojack-eyed-craft—could never at night be got to sing no other stave but 'Oh, no, we never mention her!' Why, I was obligated at last to chalk out a sort for em, to see if I could turn their petticoat thoughts and make em ashamed of their die-away ditties.'

'Well, look here, Ned—if I was a man as had weight in the world, I'd make a regular built law as no lubberly songs should be sing'd in the narvus—I'd make it by Joe, one o' the articles o' war."—*Naval Sketch Book.*

Sympathetic Sensibility at the Card Table.—So, Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption.—She was no more than seventeen—a sweet girl! Ah me! is she dead? Poor thing!—what's trumps?

The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind our house, and which he fell into.—Is he? I thought he could not recover. Play a spade.

There were upwards of four thousand killed in the last engagement. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!—Ah! how many indeed! The odd trick.

The Captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be a charity to send a joint of meat to his family. That's hard—I have not a heart, indeed, sir.

He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since; and the physicians have no hope that he will ever recover the use of his reason.—Oh! I recollect that he rode against somebody—Play a spade, if you please.

The prospects of the poor, this winter, are dreadful indeed. There will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.—Yes, one really gives so much in charity—I will bet you a guinea on the game.

Pray, lady ——, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. ——? What! her son drowned? O yes—mind, we are eight, partner.

George, madam, George—I am sorry to say it—put an end to his life last Tuesday.—You don't say so! I had two honors in my own hand.

Yes: and his misfortunes never come alone; his mother and sister are in a state of distraction.—Dear me, that's bad—Single, double, and the rub.

Absence of Mind.—The late Dr. Stukeley one day by appointment paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton: the servant said he was in his study—so one was permitted to disturb him there—but as it was near his dinner time, the visiter sat down to wait for him. In a short time a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner; an hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear; the Doctor then ate the fowl, and covering up the dish desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready the grave man came down: he apologized for his delay, and added, give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint. Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and without any emotion turned about to Stukely, and with a smile said, "See what we studious people are—I forgot I had dined."

A SAPIENT JUROR.—A singular circumstance occurred on the occasion of the retirement of one of the jurors to consider their verdict, at the recent Monmouth assizes. Arriving at the consultation room, it was discovered that the jury amounted to but eleven, though they were twelve good men and true on leaving the box, and officers were despatched in search of the fugitive: in vain they cast their eyes through the dense crowds in both courts, and sought amongst the loiterers in the lobbies; the case appeared hopeless, when at length, the juror was found raging in a gin shop, and when spoken to on so serious a breach of public duty, and all but taken into custody, he said "was it not over?" "No, you must come back to consider your verdict." "Indeed! to goodness!" said the honest Cambrian; "I gave my opinion before I left the Court." The officer, however, demurred to this plea, and escorted him to his brethern, who were much amused at the incident.—*English paper.*

AUGUST.

The eighth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With ears of corne, and full her hand was found.
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was lov'd, and justice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heav'n exiled.
Spenser.

August is the eighth month of the year. It was called Sextilis by the Romans, from its being the sixth month in their calendar, until the senate complimented the Emperor Augustus by naming it after him, and through them it is by us denominated August.

Mr Leigh Hunt notes in his *Months*, that.—"This is the month of harvest. The crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with peas and beans. Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit. Thank heaven there are, and must be, seasons of some repose in agricultural employments, or the countryman would work with as unceasing a madness, and combine to be almost as diseased and unhealthy as the citizen. But our holiday-making is reasons already mentioned, our holiday-making is not what it was. Our ancestors used to have into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled their previous labour with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat sheaves with flowers, they sang, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the commoner wisdom that may seem to be on the top of it, every one that had been concerned, man, woman, and child, received a little present—ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats.

The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all Pomona in the orchard glows,
Her racy fruits new glory in the sun,
The wall-enamour'd flower in saffron blows,
Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold,
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run;
Hope, the forerunner of the farmer's gain,
Visits his dreams and multiplies the grain.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

In the year 1482, a sumptuary law was passed by the British parliament, in which it was provided that "none under the estate of a lord should wear any gown or mantel, unless of such a length that (he standing upright) it should cover his middle." It is pretty evident that short dresses for ladies were not then fashionable, else the edict would certainly have embraced them also.

In the year 1514, hand guns, or muskets, were introduced into service, yet the use of bows and arrows, in war, was not laid aside till near 100 years afterwards.

In 1630, a special license was granted by King Charles I. for importing horses and exporting dogs.

In 1631, money was first coined by mills and presses, in the beautiful manner practised in the present days.

There never was such a coin in England as either a *pound* or a *mark*, or any *shilling*, till the year 1505, these three being merely ideal money, or only denominations or ways of reckoning for convenience.

It is stated by Hume that Queen Elizabeth knew the full force and influence of both *Dress* and *Address*. Of her profusion in dress, he remarks; "As no woman was ever more conceited of her beauty, or more desirous of making impression on the hearts of beholders, no one ever went to greater extravagance of apparel, or studied more the variety and richness of her dresses. She appeared almost every day in a different habit; and tried all the several modes by which she hoped to render herself agreeable. She was so fond of her clothes, that she never could part with any of them; and at her death she had in her wardrobe all the different habits, to the number of *three thousand*, which she had ever worn in her life-time.

Lawyers in the 15th Century.—In the reign of Henry 6th, a statue was passed, reducing the number of attorneys in the two manufacturing countries of Norfolk and Suffolk. The act recites that in times previous, when there were but six or eight attorneys, "great tranquility reigned there;" but after the number had increased to *fourscore*, much evil had resulted from the practices of some of them, in "exhorting, procuring, and exciting the people to suite for small trespasses." Therefore, the number was fixed at *six* for the county of Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and *two* for the city of Norwich.

When a lady, who found herself encompassed by robbers, threw herself upon the protection of one of them, with the flattering remark that he looked like a gentlemen, she was surprised to find that he would take no fee for her protection. "Let the black-robed gentry take fees, said he, I am above it."

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—On the 21st day of December I was passing through the State of South-Carolina, and in the town of ——, where I had an acquaintance, on whom I called.—I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding at a neighboring house, and on being requested, I changed my clothes, and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and after some profound silence ensued—(the man of the house being religious.) A young lawyer then rose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and finishing his discourse, begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed and hoped would be beneficial. On obtaining leave, he proposed: That one man in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forwarded to his official department that night; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name with whom they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choices were kept entirely secret.

After the appointment of the president the communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had reciprocated choices; but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company retired.

Now bear the conclusion. I passed through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of twelve matches had been solemnized, and the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.

Gentlemen under twenty and ladies under fourteen were excluded as unmarriageable.—*Southern Paper. Sketch Book.*

"THE HIDE AND TALLOW OF AN OLD OX."—The Portland Jefferson gives the following epitome of an amusing trial which recently occurred in Maine:

"We notice in the Kennebec papers a sketch of a case which came before the Supreme Court at the late session in Augusta, and which must have given occasion to not a little amusement. The action was brought by Charity Vance, a girl of twenty-three, against William Vance, a veteran of seventy, for a divorce, with a separate maintenance. It seems the plaintiff married the defendant, in hopes thereby at some day to come into possession of a good share of his ample fortune: but not finding (as the reporter expresses it) that "ecstacy of bliss" in the married state which she anticipated, she soon prayed that she might be separated from him with alimony, for several reasons, not necessary to be mentioned here. On being asked previous to marriage, why she was about to unite herself to an old man like Mr. Vance, she replied—"The hide and tallow of an old ox would buy a young steer any time!" And the old man himself, near the close of the trial, remarked in relation to his marriage, that, it was all bargain and speculation from beginning to end." The report says that the court granted the plaintiff $100 to defray the expenses she had incurred, and $200 a year for maintenance until the farther order of the court—that is, $300 the first year, and $200 yearly after the first year, payment to be made quarterly."

QUAKERS.—Among the very numerous testimonials in favor of the exemplary class of professing Christians, whose usual designation stands at the head of this article, there are none more to the purpose than that given by the honorable Prentis Mellen, who states that during his connection with the courts of his country, for a term of 40 years, he has never known but one instance of a Quaker's being arraigned for a criminal action. Supposing that some may have the curiosity to know what that case was, I relate the following anecdote, which was recently related to the writer on a visit to Portland, it probably being the case alluded to by the honorable Judge. There is a worthy, wealthy merchant at Portland whom I call friend W. a powerful athletic man, withal rather quick and passionate, though tolerably well tempered by a good degree of Quaker moderation. It so happened one day that he felt himself very much insulted in his own store, by an overbearing, intruding, and much less worthy neighbor. Says friend W. "Friend James, as these appears to have done thy business, perhaps thee had better leave my store, lest some tools fall upon thy head." (it being a hardware store.) Friend James not being disposed to leave, but continuing his abuse, friend W. took him by the collar and the pantaloons, and in an instant landed him in the middle of the street. Friend W. was accordingly arrested for the breach of the peace, and on being placed at the bar of the court, he was asked whether he was guilty, "Yes," was the ready reply, "I gave him a little push out of my store." Friend W. was accordingly fined sixteen shillings. "Cheapenough," said he, "it is only about one shilling per foot for the distance I sent him."—*Portsmouth Jour.*

An Englishman's Valuation of his Life.—At the time when party-spirit and active hostilities were raging in Belgium at the close of the fifteenth [sixteenth?] century, certain soldiers of the Spanish army happened to be taken prisoners by the Dutch; and by way of martial retaliation for a similar act of cruelty practised upon some Dutch prisoners by the Spaniards, all of them were ordered to be hanged. Humanity, however, suggested that it was unnecessary to put the whole party to death; and of the twenty-four who were taken, eight were only destined for the halter.—For the purpose of ascertaining who were to be the sufferers, twenty-four lots were made, eight of which had the figure of a gibbet described upon them, and the remaining sixteen where in blank. The whole twenty four lots being then shaken together and cast promiscuously into a helmet, each prisoner was ordered to draw out one. Those who drew a blank were immediately discharged, but those who drew the fatal symbol, where hanged on the spot. The conduct of those who were compelled to sit their lives upon so desperate a cast, varied according to the nerve and temperament of each; but terror and lamentations prevailed. The most conspicuous object was a Spaniard who could scarcely be urged to the helmet, and whose tears and exclamations excited both ridicule and compassion. Among the captives was an Englishman, who seemed wholly unmoved at his danger, and quietly looked on until his turn arrived—and, as he called upon by the Dutch officer, walked up to the helmet with the utmost unconcern, and without faltering or changing a feature, drew forth his lot, which was a blank. Thus favored by fortune, and himself free from danger, he told the trembling Spaniard, who still held his hand in the helmet dreading to draw forth his fate, that for ten crowns of gold, he was ready to draw forth his lot for him and stand to the consequence. The Spaniard joyfully agreed, and the Englishman, having received the money, coolly requested the Dutch officer to allow him to turn his part of the contract by drawing the Spaniard's lot and, permission being given, he drew again, and again was fortunate. "A strange caprice of fortune," says the historian, "which could thus favor a man whose cheap estimate of his life made him unworthy of this double escape, but even of a single lucky cast!"

This story is taken from a description of England in the reign of James I., contained in a satirical Latin work written by a Scotchman named John Barclay, under the assumed denomination of Euphormio Lusinus.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A Shrewd Legislator.—The editor of the Greensborough (N. C.) Patriot, in discussing the intellectual capabilities and attainments of a member of the last Legislature of that State, now a candidate for re-election, adduces the following little illustrative anecdote:

"He was in the habit of having his grain ground at a mill where they took one-*tenth* for the toll: while *all the other mills ground for an eighth.* Having been a customer of long standing he did not like to be imposed upon, and accordingly repaired to the miller's house, big with the business that took him there, and addressed the knight of the toll-box somewhat in this fashion: 'You know I've been a good customer, and I've always paid you the *tenth* for grinding my corn and wheat, without ever grumbling: but all the other millers grind for an *eighth*,—and you must grind as cheap as they do or I must quit your mill!" On being assured by the miller that he would grind for *him*, as he was a particular friend, and *only* charge him the *eighth*, he went away perfectly satisfied, and promised to continue his custom."

NEAR BEING JONAHIZED.—Not long since, a story, from a Nantucket paper, was published, respecting a narrow escape of a young man from the jaws of a whale, in the Pacific Ocean. The following extract of a letter from him to his mother in Portland, is from the last Christian Mirror:—

Pacific Ocean, Lat. 5 N. S. lon. 100 d. W.

Dear Mother:—Having a good opportunity to write, I improve it, and state that through the interposition of a kind Providence my life has been miraculously spared, and I am able to write you.—Four weeks ago I was seriously hurt by a whale. The whale stove all three of our boats, and got me in his jaw, knocked about one half the scalp off my head, my left ear almost off, and broke the skull. He struck two teeth in my breast, and one in each thigh; one wound was six inches long and two deep, and he went off with four irons fastened to him.

I suppose, dear mother, this was one of the narrowest escapes from death ever known, and so little hurt! not a bone broken! And I have so far recovered as to be about, and Capt. Hussey thinks I shall be able to attend to my duty and my boat again in two weeks. This, dear mother, you may suppose, will be a small satisfaction to me, but I assure you, that I had rather be in a boat fast to a whale, than any where else. My captain and mate have been father and brother to me since my injury, and I doubt whether there ever was a ship sailed the seas with such good officers as we have. I should write you some more, my dear mother, at this time, but they have hoisted signs for whales at the main head, and I am in hopes we shall get three. Your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS HALE.

BALL IN A MADHOUSE.—The French certainly carry their treatment of the insane to a far higher pitch of refinement than we do. The idea of giving a ball to the inmates of a lunatic asylum may startle some of our mad doctors; but what think they of the following precedent? On the 7th inst. the female patients of the Salpetriere were treated to a grand ball. The insane ladies themselves were entrusted with the getting up of the entertainment; they adorned the ball room with festoons, garlands, and devices; and to the music, they crowned with *immortelles* the bust of Pinel, the liberator of the insane from the old system of cruelty and terror. The dancing, it is said, went off with charming effect; the students, intern and extern, did the honors; and the festivity was kept up to an hour sufficiently advanced for the satisfaction of all parties, who, to do them justice, were indefatigable in their exertions to please and to be pleased. It should be added, that the gay scene (which was appointed and arranged with the most serious object) has been generally attended with good effects; it served admirably to fix and amuse the minds of the patients; and several who labored under melancholia were much diverted, for the time, from their imaginary woes.—*Medical Gazette.*

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—We have received, says the Bathurst, Upper Canada, Courier, a description, from a friend who has returned from seeing the effects of a most extraordinary Phenomenon, which took place in the township of M'Nab, by some unaccountable effort of nature. The letter is dated some weeks ago, and has only now reached us. The cause of delay, we do not know.—"There has been about eight acres of land suddenly removed from its pristine position, and thrown almost in a compact body into a large bay of the Madawaska river, most of the trees standing in their natural position, and now forming an island, the distance which it was removed being about half a mile. The breach or chasm from which it was thus violently removed, is about one hundred and fifty feet deep, quite perpendicular, and represents a semicircle,—the shock was altogether local, but so powerful as to cause the fish to be thrown out of the river, high upon the bank. It was not occasioned by the action of water, the soil being perfectly dry, and no appearance of moisture of any kind; neither was there any earthquake. But on coming within twenty yards of the lower extremity of the chasm, a strong sulphuric flavour proceeded from it, but is not so palpable on getting a few yards with the breach; this has been remarked by several people. Considerable damage was done to timber that was lying in the bay."

A second Joan of Arc.—Ellen Mack, a young Irish woman, who used to sell fruit in the streets of London, was lately brought up to the police in a state of insanity, having taken it into her head that she was selected by the Almighty to bring about the separation of Ireland from England. She accordingly gave up her honest calling, and on Monday, after uttering some Irvingish cries at Chapel, she proceeded to Lincoln's Inn fields, threw her stockings and shoes away, and walked barefoot to Smithfield, where, to show her faith, and the especial protection vouchsafed to her, she made her way through droves of cattle. The drovers were astonished, and declared they dare not venture to do the like, and such a crowd gathered about Ellen Mack that business was obstructed, and it became necessary to lock her up.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

CURING CLOVER HAY.

Clover hay should never be scattered out of the swath, because in addition to the labor in scattering and again raking up, the hay is thereby greatly injured. Indeed, if the weather is favorable for curing, neither timothy nor any other kind of hay should be scattered, because the less any grass is exposed to the sun and air in the process of curing, the greater will be the value of the hay, and the less the labor required.

Let the clover lay in the swath untouched, until about two thirds of the under part be sufficiently cured, which in good weather, will, if the swath be tolerably heavy, be effected in eight or ten hours; if the swath be light, in a proportionably shorter time, when thus far cured, turn the swath bottom upwards with the fork, an operation speedily performed. Let it then be exposed to the sun until the under side be cured, which will be, according to the thickness of the swath, in from four to six hours, then throw three swaths together in windrows and commence hauling in, the wagon passing between two windrows and loading from each. It can hardly be necessary to observe, that all these operations once be performed after the dew has dried off. It is to be recollected that clover will keep with less drying than almost any other grass. A common test is, to take up a bunch of hay and twist it, if no juice exudes, the hay may be hauled in with safety,—we have often hauled in clover cut in the morning, in the evening, and always the succeeding day, unless prevented by bad weather, sprinkling every layer of hay with salt, at the rate of 12 or 15 lbs. to the ton, or interposing a layer of dry straw, from 6 to 12 inches thick, between every two layers of clover of the same thickness, we found a great preservative; and especially the latter mode will enable the farmer to put up the hay in a far greener state, than could otherwise be done with safety. Besides this advantage, the straw interposed between the layers of hay, by absorbing its juices will be rendered much more valuable as provender, and it will be sprinkled on the hay will be greedily consumed both by cattle and horses From the great quantity of this grass produced on an acre, its highly nutritive quality, the ease with which it is cut and cured, farmers will find that clover hay in the cheapest food on which they can keep their stock in good order during the winter. If put up in good order in the fall, sheltered from bad weather, and salted, both horses and cattle will keep fat on it alone throughout the winter, without the aid of grain, unless when worked.

The prevalent notion, of the difficulty of curing clover hay, is entirely erroneous. In a climate like ours, there will seldom be found any, in a wet and cool climate, like that of England, the difficulty may exist to some extent, as clover when put in cocks will not resist rain as well as timothy and some other grasses; but in the course of fifteen years experience, we have seldom lost any or had it much injured by the weather, indeed we have found it become greatly easier to save clover hay than corn blades, and as three or four tons of the former, with the aid of plaster, can be made at less expense, than one ton of the latter, the farmer must be blind indeed to his own interest, who does not take care to provide himself with at least as much clover, as will furnish an abundant supply of provender for his stock.

Clover should be cut for hay when about one half the heads have become of a brown color. If cut earlier, it is believed the hay will not be so nutritious, if later, the stems will have become harder, and the grass be on the decline. For hogs, however, and young stock, it will be advisable to cut some so soon as it is in full bloom, when cut in this state and salted, hogs are very fond of it and it is believed might be chiefly wintered on it, if otherwise carefully protected from inclement weather. At all events by the use of it as a food for hogs in part, a great saving of corn may be effected.

When the farmer can do it he will find a great advantage in providing himself with long, narrow and high sheds, open at least on the south side for the preservation of his clover hay, and when hauling it in, to begin at one end, and spread a layer of hay along the whole length of the shed, and then repeat the same process; by this means, he will be able to put up his hay, in a much greener state than could safely be done, if put either in a stack or mow, and as yet there are but few persons in this country sufficiently expert in the art, to stack it so as to ensure its preservation. In narrow sheds, one load is considerably dried before another is thrown on it, and when the sheds are filled, the narrowness of the bulk being so much greater, there is far less danger of injury to the hay by heating.—*Tennessee Farmer.*

Russian mode of making Butter.—Sir,—Observing in a monthly scientific journal, an article on the subject of making butter in the winter, I beg leave to furnish a few particulars on that subject, as practised in Russia, where I resided in 1816, and which may, perhaps, be of some service to those who may be induced to make the experiment either in summer, or winter. Being in that country in the year 1817, I was informed by a Russian nobleman, that the proprietor of an extensive estate (also a nobleman of high rank) had discovered a new mode of making butter, and had received letters patent from the Emperor as a reward for the discovery, and which he stated as being at that time in full and successful operation. The process consisted in boiling (or rather that species of boiling called simmering) the milk for the space of fifteen minutes in its sweet state—observing at the same time not to use sufficient heat to burn the milk; it is then churned in the usual manner. He also stated, that no difficulty ever occurred in procuring butter immediately, and when required to be used for long voyages, which had undergone viscous fermentation: and that in addition to its superior flavor, it would preserve its qualities much longer than that made in the ordinary mode: that the additional advantages were, that the milk being left sweet is possessed of almost the same value for ordinary purposes, and by some was considered more healthy, as they supposed the boiling or scalding to destroy whatever animalcule it may have contained.

If the above process should upon experiment prove of sufficient importance, so as to bring it into general use, particularly in the winter, it would perhaps be to the advantage of those who may practice it to have their milk scalded in vessels calculated to stand in the kettle or boiler, by which mode the danger of burning the milk would be avoided, for if it is ascertained that milk only burns on the edges of its surface, or where it comes in contact with the sides of the vessel in which it is heated, which can never happen in double kettles, or where one is placed within the other.—*London Mirror.*

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Whether the body of the work will be a reprint, or of those a translation of entire volumes, in every will exhibit the admirable compression of style, the nervous use of adjectives, the avoidance of mere verbiage, the rejection of all redundancies of thought and expression, which have given to the writers of the age, throughout the civilized world, A full and regular supply of the latest and most important publications of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to home productions of merit, her character cannot fail to provide ample materials for this part of our work.

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The work will be published in weekly numbers, in stitched covers, each number containing twenty imperial octavo pages, with double columns, forming two volumes annually, at twenty-five cents per number, payable on delivery.

Now bear the conclusion. I passed through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of twelve matches had been solemnized, and the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.

Gentlemen under twenty and ladies under fourteen were excluded as unmarriageable.—*Southern Paper. Sketch Book.*

"THE HIDE AND TALLOW OF AN OLD OX."—The Portland Jefferson gives the following epitome of an amusing trial which recently occurred in Maine:

"We notice in the Kennebec papers a sketch of a case which came before the Supreme Court at the late session in Augusta, and which must have given occasion to not a little amusement. The action was brought by Charity Vance, a girl of twenty-three, against William Vance, a veteran of seventy, for a divorce, with a separate maintenance. It seems the plaintiff married the defendant, in hopes thereby at some day to come into possession of a good share of his ample fortune: but not finding (as the reporter expresses it) that "ecstacy of bliss" in the married state which she anticipated, she soon prayed that she might be separated from him with alimony, for several reasons, not necessary to be mentioned here. On being asked previous to marriage, why she was about to unite herself to an old man like Mr. Vance, she replied—"The hide and tallow of an old ox would buy a young steer any time!" And the old man himself, near the close of the trial, remarked in relation to his marriage, that, it was all bargain and speculation from beginning to end." The report says that the court granted the plaintiff $100 to defray the expenses she had incurred, and $200 a year for maintenance until the farther order of the court—that is, $300 the first year, and $200 yearly after the first year, payment to be made quarterly."

QUAKERS.—Among the very numerous testimonials in favor of the exemplary class of professing Christians, whose usual designation stands at the head of this article, there are none more to the purpose than that given by the honorable Prentis Mellen, who states that during his connection with the courts of his country, for a term of 40 years, he has never known but one instance of a Quaker's being arraigned for a criminal action. Supposing that some may have the curiosity to know what that case was, I relate the following anecdote, which was recently related to the writer on a visit to Portland, it probably being the case alluded to by the honorable Judge. There is a worthy, wealthy merchant at Portland whom I call friend W. a powerful athletic man, withal rather quick and passionate, though tolerably well tempered by a good degree of Quaker moderation. It so happened one day that he felt himself very much insulted in his own store, by an overbearing, intruding, and much less worthy neighbor. Says friend W. "Friend James, as these appears to have done thy business, perhaps thee had better leave my store, lest some tools fall upon thy head." (it being a hardware store.) Friend James not being disposed to leave, but continuing his abuse, friend W. took him by the collar and the pantaloons, and in an instant landed him in the middle of the street. Friend W. was accordingly arrested for the breach of the peace, and on being placed at the bar of the court, he was asked whether he was guilty, "Yes," was the ready reply, "I gave him a little push out of my store." Friend W. was accordingly fined sixteen shillings. "Cheapenough," said he, "it is only about one shilling per foot for the distance I sent him."—*Portsmouth Jour.*

An Englishman's Valuation of his Life.—At the time when party-spirit and active hostilities were raging in Belgium at the close of the fifteenth [sixteenth?] century, certain soldiers of the Spanish army happened to be taken prisoners by the Dutch; and by way of martial retaliation for a similar act of cruelty practised upon some Dutch prisoners by the Spaniards, all of them were ordered to be hanged. Humanity, however, suggested that it was unnecessary to put the whole party to death; and of the twenty-four who were taken, eight were only destined for the halter.—For the purpose of ascertaining who were to be the sufferers, twenty-four lots were made, eight of which had the figure of a gibbet described upon them, and the remaining sixteen where in blank. The whole twenty four lots being then shaken together and cast promiscuously into a helmet, each prisoner was ordered to draw out one. Those who drew a blank were immediately discharged, but those who drew the fatal symbol, where hanged on the spot. The conduct of those who were compelled to sit their lives upon so desperate a cast, varied according to the nerve and temperament of each; but terror and lamentations prevailed. The most conspicuous object was a Spaniard who could scarcely be urged to the helmet, and whose tears and exclamations excited both ridicule and compassion. Among the captives was an Englishman, who seemed wholly unmoved at his danger, and quietly looked on until his turn arrived—and, as he called upon by the Dutch officer, walked up to the helmet with the utmost unconcern, and without faltering or changing a feature, drew forth his lot, which was a blank. Thus favored by fortune, and himself free from danger, he told the trembling Spaniard, who still held his hand in the helmet dreading to draw forth his fate, that for ten crowns of gold, he was ready to draw forth his lot for him and stand to the consequence. The Spaniard joyfully agreed, and the Englishman, having received the money, coolly requested the Dutch officer to allow him to turn his part of the contract by drawing the Spaniard's lot and, permission being given, he drew again, and again was fortunate. "A strange caprice of fortune," says the historian, "which could thus favor a man whose cheap estimate of his life made him unworthy of this double escape, but even of a single lucky cast!"

This story is taken from a description of England in the reign of James I., contained in a satirical Latin work written by a Scotchman named John Barclay, under the assumed denomination of Euphormio Lusinus.—*Baltim